

bridge '78

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the class of '77-'78
presents

the bridge

cleveland county technical institute
137 south post road
shelby, nc 28150

volume 10

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SUCCESS

TO

UP

STEP

REFRIG.
AIR COND.

CLEVELAND

CO

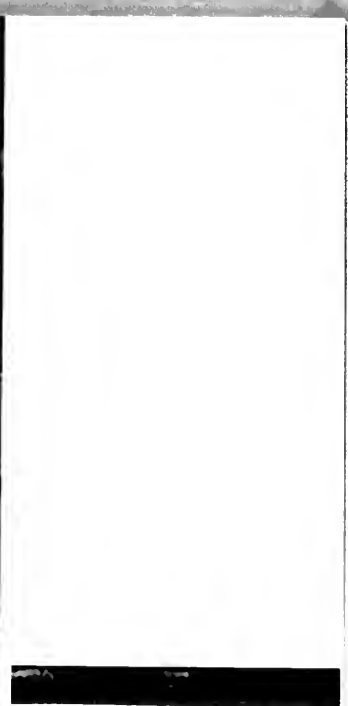
TE

AL

DUTE

MECH./WELDING
AUTO BODY









blue skies, sunny days
cool, gentle breezes bring life
roses, memories









thoughts and emotions
shared moments, feelings with friends
gentle on my mind



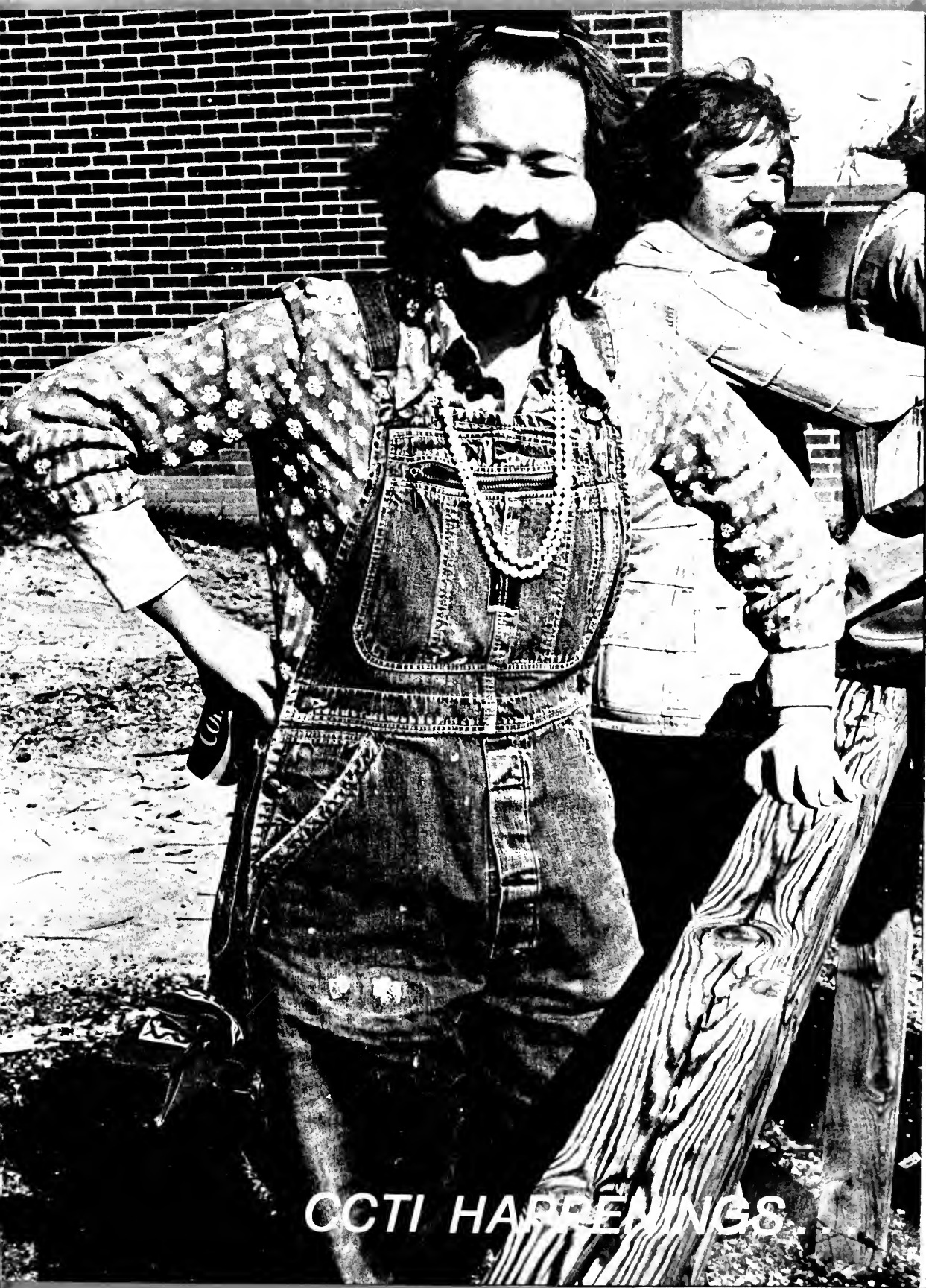


those rose painted clouds
capture thoughts at work and play
visions of beauty









OCTI HARRINGTONS

Poetry Reading Begins Visiting Artist Season . . .



Ann Deagon — Author of *CAREON*
21, *POETICS SOUTH*, and
professor of classics at Guilford
College.



P. B. Newman — Author of
well-known and
the
ans



Childers —
at Cleveland
author of
US



Robert Grey, President of Chapel Hill Chapter, who has appeared in numerous magazines.



Robert Grey, President of Chapel Hill Chapter, who has appeared in numerous magazines.

On a rainy October evening, approximately 150 people gathered together for an evening of poetry, music, and art. Sponsored by Cleveland Tech and held at Brown Chap Auditorium, the event, planned far in advance, represented months of preparation by various people at Tech.

The poets who read were some of North Carolina's best: Ann Leighton, R. Hart Grey, P. B. Newman, Susan Ludwigson, Paul Jones, and David Chalmers — all widely published, all up and coming in their field, and all from various backgrounds. The artists whose works were displayed in the lobby of the auditorium were Hal Bryant and Ron Wilkins, both residents of Shelby.

As people found their seats, they were entertained by Leslie Jackson's piano music. She played some well-known ragtime pieces as well as some of her own compositions.

However, there was a bit of uncertainty at first because R. Hart Grey, P. B. Newman, and Susan Ludwigson, just on their way to the auditorium, by the time David Chalmers had read, they still had not arrived. They finally showed up in the middle of Ann Leighton's reading, alleviating the anxiety felt by David Chalmers and D. Lee McIntyre.

The two-hour event culminated with the presentation of P. B. Newman's film concerning George Washington's trip through the South in 1792. Newman read his poetry that accompanied the film.

Many of the people attending were surprised to find that a poetry reading was not necessarily a somber event. The readers were lively, and as a result so was the audience. There was a great deal of laughter, provided by the poets as well as by Les Farfour, Shelby attorney and master of ceremonies for the event.



JUMPING OUT OF A CAKE IN

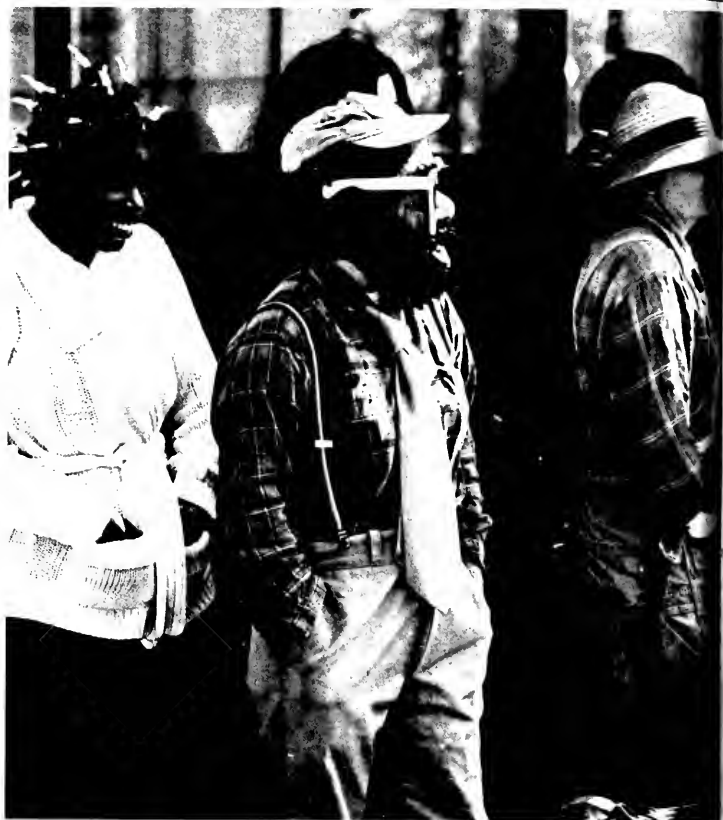
Naw, we're just kidding! A very sedate lasagne dinner, sponsored by Dottie McIntyre and the General Education Department, was held at David's home prior to the poetry reading. The General Education staff and the visiting celebrities had fun dining and conversing. All in all, it was a very special evening, especially the CAKE.



HIS BIRTHDAY SUIT

David Childers...





Freaky Friday on Monday





200 Dozen Doughnuts, Potato Chips, and Cokes

were enjoyed by students and staff participating in "Freaky Friday on Monday," October 31, 1977. This fun event was co-sponsored by the BRIDGE staff and the SGA. HAVE COSTUME: WILL EAT read the poster advertising the event, and many students and staff members complied. Two students with the "freakiest" costumes, determined by BRIDGE editor Janet Smith and SGA member Randy Wilkins, received fifteen dollar gift certificates from Baik's. Kay Waisneer, a radiologic technology student, was the day student winning for her horrid witch costume. Eddie Bridges, accounting student, was the funny looking clown who won at night. After the awarding of the prizes, there was a faculty-student tag football game umpired by Frank Martin, CCTI instructor, who had a hard time keeping up with the score. The final consensus of those attending was Faculty 3, Students 1. Did the faculty REALLY win, students????

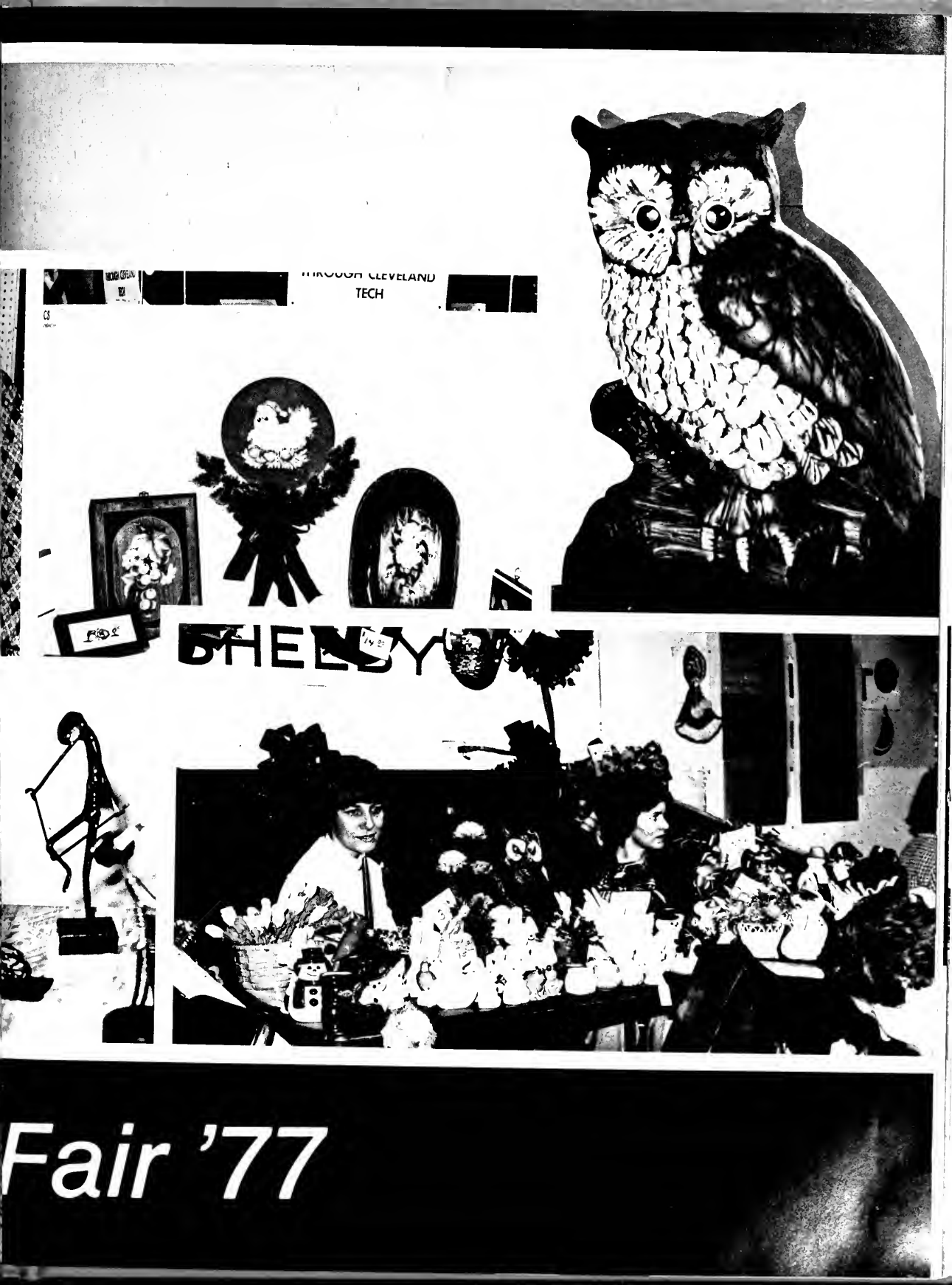




In past years the Arts and Crafts Fair has been held on the campus of Cleveland County Technical Institute, the sponsoring institution. But the large numbers of participants required a move to the more spacious facilities of the Cleveland County fairground.



Arts & Crafts



THROUGH CLEVELAND
TECH

CS

BHELY

Fair '77

A high-contrast, black and white photograph. In the foreground, a person is seen from the back, wearing a dark, heavy coat and a skirt with a small, repeating pattern. They are standing on a light-colored, textured floor. The background is a wall that appears to be covered in torn paper or a similar material, revealing a dark, honeycomb-patterned surface underneath. The lighting is harsh, creating deep shadows and bright highlights, giving the image a graphic, almost abstract quality.

Winners in the children's poetry division were Kim Dunkley for "Winter" and Kent Harrell for an untitled poem. First place winners had their entries published in Tech's "The Tiger Paw."



GONGGGGG!!

An added dimension to the Arts and Crafts Fair in November was "The Gong Show" sponsored by the Drama 106 class and THE SLIGHTLY OFF CENTER STAGE PLAYERS.

Running approximately thirty minutes each, the shows were performed "in the round" in the center of the exhibit hall.

Judges for the shows included "no-talent" Adrian Wyrick, "notorious" Bo Freeman, "up-town New Yorker" Dottie McIntyre, "Truman Capote" Ron Wright, "sweet and sassy" Linda Childers, "rough and tough" Ron McKinney, and "innocent" Jeff Leatherwood.

Performers included the following: Becky Cook and Sandra Hardin doing a dance routine, "Shirley Temple Style, Old Soft Shoe"; Steve Leatherwood doing an imitation of Andy Griffith; 7-year-old Jeff Leatherwood and 7-year-old Mary Margaret Murphy singing "Jingle Bells"; Stan Hardin doing imitations of Fats Domino, Ernest Tubb and Elvis Presley, and Evans Thompson singing "A Lemon Too Late for the Learning."

Other acts included Maxine Romney as Edith Bunker, Ann Herndon, Ann Herndon as Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman, and Anita Wilkie as "an old bag on a shopping spree." Anne Smevold did a comedy routine, accompanying herself on the guitar. David Childers, Visiting Artist, entertained the spectators with a medley of tunes, playing both the harmonica and the guitar. The crowning performance involved four young women from the Eskridge Baptist Church Choir.



"On the Square" at CCTI



On November 3, Doug Mayes talked to a number of students, instructors, and staff members of CCTI. Topics discussed included the international success in the Panama Canal transfer credits, senior institutions, and problems of veterans. He may return in the near future for another session. In students, he presented for Doug Mayes ON THE SQUARE AT CLEVELAND COUNTY TECHNICAL INSTITUTE.

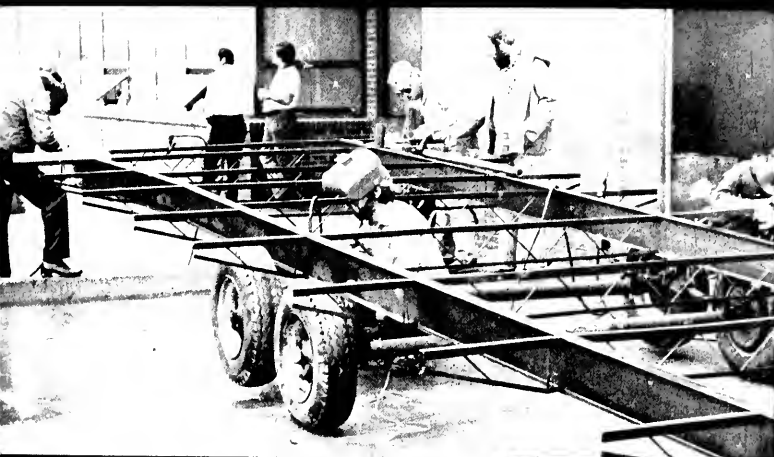


CCTI Students Create Float

Thanks to the joint efforts of CCTI's Fashion Merchandising and Welding students, Tech now has its very own float.

The float, designed and decorated by the Fashion Display class and constructed by the welding class, was created to represent CCTI in area Christmas parades. SGA activity funds provided the necessary money.

After making its debut in the Shelby parade, the float and its riders participated in parades at Kings Mountain, Polkville, Boiling Springs, and Blacksburg, South Carolina.



V-Day For Students

November 18 was V-Day for students in the Student-Faculty basketball game. Scores were as follows: 35-30 (women's contest) and 102-62 (men's contest).

High scoring students were Peggy Woods (22), Julia Addison (10), William Leach (24), and Pink Degree (12). Leading scorers for faculty were Jan Stamey (17), Nancy Ross (8), Bob Decker (23), Larry Lynch (17), and Woody Glenn (12).

Faculty, students, and spectators had a fun-filled evening. In fact, they had so much fun that another game is in the planning. Rumor has it that the faculty are already in training. Their message was this: **THE FACULTY WILL RISE AGAIN!**

Expected participants will be Sandra "Star" Hardin, Bob "the dream" Decker, Evans "Motion" Thompson, Anita "Thumper" Wilkie, Madge "the stilt" Wray, Nancy "Drew" Ross, Kathi "Hollywood" Haywood, Anne "Bust-em" Smevog, Ed "Redman" White, Elwin "knock-em dead" Stilwell, David "Lee Roy" Childers, Dottie "Runt #1" McIntyre, Haley "Runt #2" Dedmond, Shirley "Red" Sentell, Sherry "Slick" Wallace, and Dot "the general" Roark, among others. With a group like that, how could they lose? (How could they WIN? is more like it!)



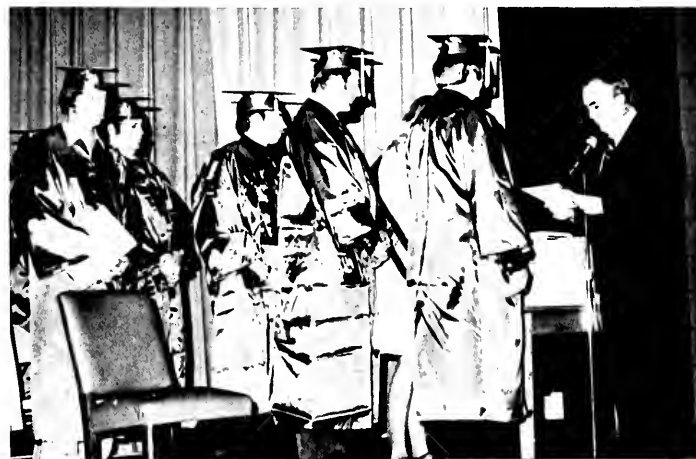


*Students
Gain Revenge
In Basketball Game*



Dr. Boone Speaks at Winter Graduation

Dr. Edgar Boone, professor of the Department of Adult and Community College Education and an assistant director of the Agricultural Extension Service at North Carolina State University in Raleigh, spoke to the 258 Graduates of CCTI.







Honor

Gamma Beta Phi



The Gamma Beta Phi Honor Society is a national organization that was chartered locally on March 21, 1977, with 66 members. Requirements for membership are a 3.50 average after completion of 15 quarter hours. Invitations are extended twice each year. Currently there are 55 active members. The group serves as marshals for graduation exercises. Bake sales and paper drives serve to provide funds for various projects. The club participated in Shelby's Christmas parade on November 27, 1977. At Christmas the group held an old toy drive for Alexander Schools, Inc. and the Shelby Police Department. On December 18, 1977, the club sponsored a Christmas party for underprivileged children. Members also attended the State Convention at Edgecombe Tech in October and plan to attend the National Convention in Atlanta in April. Plans include other projects to aid underprivileged children and various educational programs for club members. The advisor is Barbara Taylor. Current officers are as follows: President — Rick Coley; Vice-President — Dottie Leatherwood; Secretary—Teresa Gantt; Treasurer — Glenda Brackett.

Business / Phi Beta Lambda



Phi Beta Lambda is a national organization for business students. The Cleveland County Technical Institute Chapter of PBL was started in the Spring quarter of 1977. There were 25 members.

The purpose of the PBL chapter is to provide opportunities for our students to develop vocational competencies for business and office occupations and business teacher education. PBL is an integral part of the instructional program and in addition promotes a sense of civic and personal responsibility.

The specific goals of the PBL chapter are to:

- Develop competent, aggressive business leadership.- Strengthen the confidence of students in themselves and their work.

- Create more interest in and understanding of American business enterprise.

- Encourage members in the development of individual projects which contribute to the improvement of home, business, and community.

- Develop character, prepare for useful citizenship, and foster patriotism.

- Encourage and practice efficient money management.

- Encourage scholarship and promote school loyalty. Assist students in the establishment of occupational goals.

- Facilitate the transition from school to work.

The Phi Beta Lambda members participated in the Mothers March for the local March of Dimes. Other plans for this year include plans to have guest speakers from local businesses and schools talk to classes at CCTI.

The Phi Beta Lambda at Cleveland County Technical Institute currently has twenty-two members. A list of members and officers are as follows:

President: Kathy Laney
Vice President: Teresa Hastings
Secretary: Wanda Humphries
Treasurer: Jill Bettis
Historian: Carol Campbell
Reporter: Sally Jones
Parliamentarian: Esther Littlejohn
Susan Crotts
Debbie Powell
Sharon Waters
Carol Huskey

Juanita Surratt
Pam Hickman
Louise Neal
Carolyn Ramseur
Denise Humphries
Donna McDaniel
Candy Anthony
Kathy Woods
Anita James
Janey Myers
Debbie Schabhuettl

Love & Service / Afro-American

The Afro American Club of CCTI is open to any student interested in the purposes of the club. The purposes are as follows: (1) to promote by close contact an exchange of ideas and experiences, thereby endeavoring to solve the problems of culturally deprived people, and (2) to elevate the status of the individual members of the club.

Projects for '77-'78 include bulletin board displays, a Christmas party for underprivileged children, and an Easter Ball.

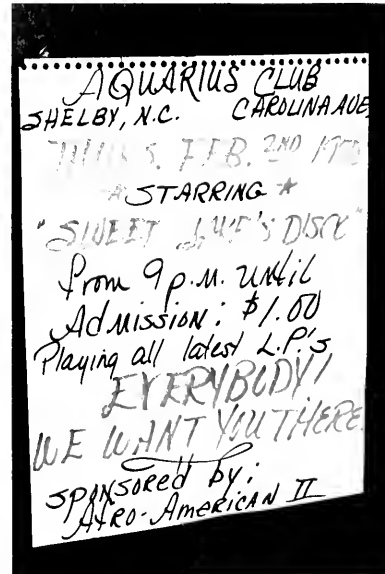
AFRO AMERICAN MEMBERS

Allen Byrd
Robert Bridges
Annie Beam
Shirley Black
Joe Dawkins
Joanne Dawkins
Caren Degree
Larry Dawkins
Francine A. Evertte
Loa Jinney
Larry Hosch
Reba Hunt
Debra Hunt
Betty Jean Mauney
Robert Mobely

Subrina Petty
Frank Pullin
Dianne Patterson
Stacy Parrot
Edna Parks
Mary Sims
Mary Sweeze
Stacy Surrat
Felealia Surrat
Marthea Stevenson
Antonnette Thompson
Ann Wilson
Janet Wilson
Billy Watson



Chairman, Subrina Petty; Secretary, Dianne Patterson; Secretary, Betty Jean Mauney; Vice-President, Allen Byrd — President.





The SGA of Cleveland County Technical Institute:

Creates an atmosphere where future community leaders can test and develop their leadership and citizenship skills.

Gains recognition through community wide activities such as Festivals, Art Shows, voter registration, blood drives, etc.

Renders voluntary services to the institute in activities such as registration orientation, graduation, etc.

Provides important learning experiences which enhance a student's over-all education.

Aids in the retention of students by providing a feeling of belonging and group

experiences which are needed by students.

Provides college administrators and students with the opportunity to interact in a more meaningful manner.

Helps to create an atmosphere where students, faculty, staff, and administrators can work together in a meaningful way.

Provides an opportunity for the development of special projects which can benefit the school such as nature trails, clean-up campaigns, planting special gardens, donations to various departments, etc.

SGA has participated in the following activities: (1) Disco Dance for Graduation, (2) Trip to SGA State meeting, (3) Freaky Friday on Monday, (4) Christmas Float which was in area parades, (5) Entertainment Showcases, and (6) Sponsors all campus committees.

DAY SGA STUDENTS:

Jerry Adams, Cyril Alexander, Edwin Ashe, Richard Bass, Tim Beam, Jill Bettis, Zeno Borders, Jim Broome, Charles Collins, Hester Cumberlander, Bill Gill, James L. Glenn, Shelia Hall, David Harp, Dee Harp, Terresa Hastings, Joyce Hensley, Susan Holt, Sarah Hoyle, Susan Hurdt, Jimmy Huskins, Kathy Justice, Kathy Laney, Dy Ann McCleave, Jessie Martin, James Panther, Deborah Phillips, Carolyn Polk, Bob Queen, Maverick Ross, George Smith, Ulysses Smith, Tracy Stewart, Juanita Sur-ratt, Patsy Turner, Hubert Wall, Jasper Webber, Randy Wilkins.

NIGHT SGA STUDENTS:

Clarence Allison, Neil Baker, Eddie Bridges, Joseph Bridges, Charles Bullock, Carl Burris, Eddie Chambers, Donald Cooper, Paul Cornwell, Bruce Crawford, Caren Degree, Dave Douglas, Stephen Earls, Francine Everett, Deborah Finley, Robin Freeman, John Frezell, Shirley Gilliam, Woody Glenn, Donald Graham, Phillip Graham, Arthur Ivester, Jack Jones, Bruck Lookadoo, Henry Myers, Barney Ownes, Earl Parker, Wanda Porter, Giles Ratley, Bob Southards, Scott Young. The SGA would like to thank the student body for all their support in our activities.



Leadership Student Government Association



Jerry Hopper



Susanne Cardwell



Diane Patterson

Shirley Sentell

Cliff Harrison

Tim Oliver



Jerry Adams

On Trial . . .

But We Won the Case



Becky Waits

Janet Smith, Editor

Robert Mobley



CCTI

Annual Staff

You want a moon pie and an RC? ... Elwin, go to the Snack Bar ... that burger looks almost good enough to eat ... be sure and get my moon pie in the picture ... It's cold in here! ... Loony, something loony ... Mrs McIntire, You're loony ... How do you spell McIntyre? ... I want to dance ... Susanne, you have the flash on the bottom of the camera ... Are you going to see the LATE GREAT PLANET EARTH? ... Is it that late? Let's draw the layout for the Alpha Gamma Wamma ... Bless you my child ... Is it time to go? ... We lost something in the translation ... Welcome to the monkey house, Dr. Petty ... Jerry, go climb a tree ... it's your natural habitat ... Elwin, go play in the freeway

These are just a few of our thoughts from various Friday mornings, but through all the confusion and hard work we produced a year-book that we hope will mean as much to you as it does to us.

THE SLIGHTLY

Since their debut in the spring quarter of 1977, THE SLIGHTLY OFF CENTER STAGE PLAYERS, Cleveland County Technical Institute's drama club, have held performances at CCTI (room 222), the Malcolm E. Brown Auditorium, and various places in the community. Charter members — Bo Freeman, Patty Neal Queen, Beth Roberts Patrick, Dennis Jones, Victor Smith, Marcus Martin, Bill Few, J. T. Morrow, Richard Stimson, Marty McGraw, "Pud" Parker, Jean Bell and Dave Caddell — performed selected and adapted scenes from *LOVERS AND OTHER STRANGERS* and *IF MEN PLAYED CARDS AS WOMEN DID* at CCTI. Dottie McIntyre, co-sponsor of the group, was the director. Selected members of this group later did *A THURBER CARNIVAL* at the Malcolm E. Brown Auditorium with Dottie McIntyre as director and Dottie Dickson as assistant musical director. Selected scenes from *A THURBER CARNIVAL* were performed at the annual "Spring in Shelby" festival sponsored by CCTI and The American Association of University Women. The AAUW also had members of the group to do a poetry reading for their annual interpreter's tea.

In May, Bo Freeman, Dennis Jones, Patty Neal, Richard Stimson, Victor Smith, J. T. Morrow, and new member Aleeta Walker did comedy skits ("Mind Over Matter," "Hope for the Flowers," "Abigail Stands Fast," "A Mollerdræmmer," "Blown with the Breeze," "The Featherweight Champ") for CCTI's second annual Arts and Crafts Fair. These talented young people also wrote and produced their own musical.

In the fall of '77, the membership of TSOCSP altered somewhat as various members graduated from CCTI and new members (Drama 105 and 106 students) joined the group. Members of this group — Bo Freeman, Victor Smith, Darlene Revis, and Joe Gamble — put on a gong show at the Arts and Crafts Fair. The gong show, under the direction of new co-sponsor, Anita J. Wilkie, was quite a hit.

THE GOOD DOCTOR was the new group's fall production. Directed by Anita Wilkie, the cast included Bo Freeman, Victor Smith, Darlene Revis, Joe Gamble, Jerry Adams, Linde Ross, Dottie McIntyre, and director Anita Wilkie. Original music was provided by Dottie Dickson, and the technical crew included Elwin Stilwell, Deborah Byrd, Ann Harmon, Alan Price, and Aaron Edwards.

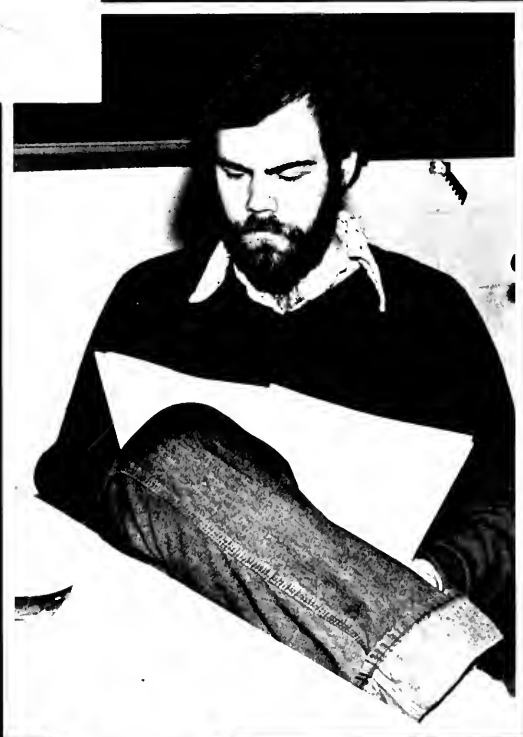
Projects in the future include the community hot lunch program and various CCTI and community spring activities.



OFF CENTER STAGE PLAYERS



"THE GOOD DOCTOR"



Tiger

Print

Paw Leaves on Campus



Shirley Sentell and Ron Wright, advisor, discuss layout possibilities for Tech's monthly newspaper, THE TIGER PAW.

The newspaper staff strives to communicate items of student interest such as feature stories of outstanding students, news from the vocational, technical, and general education curriculums, creative art by Tech students, and announcements from the administration.

Working as a team, every staff member has the opportunity to perform all tasks in the publication of the newspaper — interviewing, writing, editing, and determining layout.

However, each member has been charged with at least two specific responsibilities. These two areas, together with the staff member assigned to them, are as follows: Shirley Sentell, reporter and manuscript editor; Susan Holt, reporter and photographer; Steve Carpenter, reporter and layout editor; and Hester Cumberlander, scholarship editor. The scholarship editor, recommended by the Publications and Advisory Committee and approved by the Administrative Council, must have completed Journalism I and II and demonstrated outstanding ability in journalism.

CCTI Basketball

	CCTI	Opponent
PPG	64	79
Bost Bakery	78	39
J C Dyeing	43	59
Ora Mill	53	62
Cleveland Memorial	62	46
Cleveland Lumber	73	39
Eaton	64	69

Team Members	Maverick Ross
William Leach	Ulysses Smith
Charles Collins	Robert Glenn
Samuel Wray	Bob Decker
Billy Watson	Walter Booth
Pink Degree	Tommy Horton
Hasker Stevenson	Johnny Huskey
Bobby Gidney	
Harold E. Lawrence	Coach: Woodrow Glenn



Fashion Club a hit!!

CCTI's Fashion Club consists of students enrolled in the Fashion Merchandising curriculum. Projects this year included ABC (Attic, Basement, Cellar) Sales, design and decoration of CCTI's Christmas float, various fashion shows and field trips. Sponsors are Sandra Daniels and Nancy Anthony.

OUTSTANDING STUDENTS — WINTER GRADUATION

1977

Outstanding students are chosen from each curriculum at each graduation. These students distinguish themselves in scholastic achievement, performance, and maturity of purpose.

General Education	Betty V. Ross Victor Smith
Accounting	Sylvia J. Knight
Business Administration	Richard Coley
Executive Secretary	Elaine M. Davis
General Office Technology	Annie Youngblood
Medical Secretary	Gail Anderson
Fashion Merchandising and Marketing	Mary Ann Stark
Industrial Management	Tracy M. Stewart
Industrial Safety	Ronny S. Parris
Police Science	Alford Miller James W. Brown
Radiologic Technology	Shelia Gold
Air Conditioning and Refrigeration	Randy Sailors
Auto Mechanics	Edwin Bartlett Joe R. Fore
Electrical Installation & Maintenance	Joseph D. Parris, Jr.
Practical Nursing	Mary Shores
Welding	Larry Barnes James S. Carson

1977-78 Who's Who Among Students in American Junior Colleges

Campus nominating committees base their selection of students on academic achievement, service to the community, leadership in extracurricular activities, and future potential.

Named from Cleveland Tech are the following:

David Adkins	Carolyn Polk
James Brown	Tom Rabon
Rick Coley	Verleen Ross
Patricia Davis	Victor Smith
Sylvia Knight	Alford Miller
Lee Laughridge	Kay Crotts
Dottie Leatherwood	Theresa Gantt
Juanita Lykins	Sarah Hoyle
James McDaniel	Darrel Pope
Marsha Moss	Tracy Stewart
David Pettyjohn	and Reggle Wilson

WANTED



DEAD OR ALIVE

CCTI Students

Carl Adams, Air Cond.
 Evlena Adams, Bus. Ad.
 Jerry Adams, Gen. Ed.
 Mary Adams, Bus. Ad.



Julia Addison, Acct.
 David Adkins, Pol. Sci.
 Alberta Aldrich, Med. Sec.
 Cyril Alexander, Acct.



Lena Allen, Pra. Nur.
 Susan Anderson, Med. Sec.
 Candy Anthony, G.O.T.
 Judy Arthur, Ex. Sec.

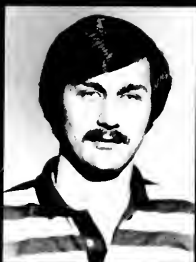


Edward Ashe, Ind. Mgt.
 Neil Baker, Bus. Ad.
 Susan Ballenger, X-Ray Tech.
 Kathleen Banks, Ex. Sec.

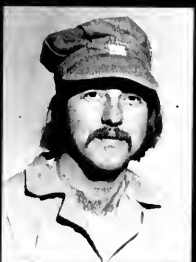


Larry Barnes, Elc. Ins. & Main.
 Jackie Barnett, Pol. Sci.
 Richard Bass, Auto Mec.
 Donna Batchler, Acct.





Annie Beam, Gen. Ed.
 Tim Beam, Elec. Ins. & Main.
 Scott Beard, Gen. Ed.
 Beverly Bebee, Prac. Nurs.



Charles Bell, Auto Body Rep.
 R. J. Bennett, Acct.
 Jill Bettis, Ex. Sec.
 Faye Billings, Med. Sec.



Billy Blaine, Bus. Ad.
 Amy Blanton, LPN
 Doris Blanton, Med. Sec.
 Larry Bolick, Gen. Ed.



Gary Bolin, Bus. Ad.
 Doris Borders, Bus. Ad.
 Zeno Borders, Auto Body Rep.
 Valerie Boyd, Gen. Ed.



James Bratton, Gen. Ed.
 Alecia Bridges, RT
 Annie Bridges, Gen. Ed.
 J. D. Bridges, Acct.

James Bridges, Gen. Ed.
Joseph Bridges, Air Cond.
Kenneth Bridges, Ind. Saf.
Miller Bridges, Auto Body



Helen Bright, Bus. Ad.
Lois Briscoe, Gen. Ed.
Brenda Brooks, Fash. Mer.
Danny Brooks, Gen. Ed.



Johnny Brooks, Pol. Sci.
George Brown, Auto Mech.
J. W. Brown, Pol. Sci.
Judy Brown, Fash. Mer.



Sylvia Bruce, Pol. Sci.
Robert Buff, Gen. Ed.
Ronnie Bumgardner, Auto Mech.
John Bunch, Bus. Ad.



Avery Burris, Ind. Mgt.
Carl Burris, Gen. Ed.
Jerre Burton, Fash. Mer.
Allen Byrd, Bus. Ad.





Phyllis Byrd, Ex. Sec.
 Tony Cabiness, Pol. Sci.
 Ann Caldwell, Fash. Mer.
 Ned Caldwell, Air Cond.



Sandra Camp, Pol. Sci.
 Lester Canipe, Pol. Sci.
 April Cansler, Med. Sec.
 Daniel Carlton, Gen. Ed.



James Carson, Weld.
 Russell Carson, Air Cond.
 Carolyn Cash, Gen. Ed.
 Herman Chambers, Auto Body



Joseph Chambers, Bus. Ad.
 Joe Champion, Bus. Ad.
 Donald Chapman, Gen. Ed.
 Chuck Cochran, Env. Sci.



John Cody, Ind. Mgt.
 Charles Collins, Auto Mech.
 John Colquiel, Bus. Ad.
 Cecil Comer, Gen. Ed.

James Cook, Gen. Ed.
Donald Cooper, Pos. Ser.
Walter Cooper, Pol. Sci.
Tammy Cornell, LPN



Bobby Crawford, Ind. Mgt.
Phillip Crotts, Weld.
Susan Crotts, Ex. Sec.
Debbie Crow, LPN



Norma Crow, LPN
Frank Culbreth, Bus. Ad.
James Culbreth, Weld.
Hester Cumberlander, Pol. Sci.



Rosie Curry, Bus. Ad.
Gary Daves, Gen. Ed.
Paul Daves, Gen. Ed.
Sidney Davidson, Pol. Sci.



Teddy Davidson, Bus. Ad.
Barbara Davis, Med. Sec.
Gerald Davis, Air Cond.
Patricia Davis, Gen. Ed.





Penny Davis, Med. Sec.
 Ronald Davis, Pol. Sci.
 Joe Dawkins, Gen. Ed.
 Joyce Dawkins, Fash. Mer.



Leroy Dawkins, Ind. Mgt.
 Mary Dawkins, Acct.
 Fred Dean, Bus. Ad.
 Caren Degree, Med. Sec.



Deborah Dishman, LPN
 Charles Drewery, Air Cond.
 Lougene Duncan, LPN
 Stanley Earls, Gen. Ed.



Boyce Easter, Fash. Mer.
 Vanessa Edge, Fash. Mer.
 Michael Ellis, Ind. Saf.
 Sandra Ellis, RT



Mike Ellison, Pol. Sci.
 Jane Elmore, G.O.T.
 David Everett, Ind. Mgt.
 Francine Everette, Pol. Sci.

Frank Farley, Pol. Sci.
Deborah Finley, Med. Sec.
Lola Finney, Gen. Ed.
Thomas Fitch, Gen. Ed.



Charles Fitzgerald, Pol. Sci.
Mark Fitzgerald, Gen. Ed.
Gary Floyd, Pol. Sci.
Darrell Flynn, Pol. Sci.



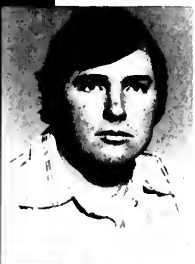
Ronald Flynn, Ind. Mgt.
Joe Fore, Auto Mech.
Mike Foster, Weld.



Joyce Fraley, LPN
Patsy Francis, LPN
Marian Fredrick, Fash. Mer.



David Freeman, Agr. Sci.
Roger Gagmon, Gen. Ed.
Joe Gamble, Gen. Ed.





Hal Gantt, Gen. Ed.
Randy Gantt, Bus. Ad.
Tyrone Gracia, Pol. Sci.
Bobby Gaston, Pol. Sci.



Sally George, Ex. Sec.
Flora Geter, Gen. Ed.
Leon Gidney, Weld.
Dora Gilmore, Gen. Ed.



Jack Glover, Auto Body
Donnis Gorman, Gen. Ed.
Donald Graham, Pol. Sci.
Letitia Green, Pol. Sci.



Mike Green, Gen. Ed.
E. F. Greene, Agr. Sci.
Joe Greene, Ind. Mgt.
Marshall Greene, Gen. Ed.



Steve Grigg, Bus. Ad.
Sharon Gritt, RT
Shelia Hall, G.O.T.
Michael Hallman, Gen. Ed.



Lisa Hamby, LPN
Glenda Hammond, LPN
Vanessa Hargro, Fash. Mer.
Ralph Hardin, Bus. Ad.



Delores Harp, RT
Daniel Harper, Auto Body
Doros Harris, Ind. Mgt.
Kaye Harris, LPN





Stanley Harris, Ind. Mgt.
Cliff Harrison, Fash. Mer.
Theresa Hasting, Med. Sec.
W. D. Hastings, Auto Body



B. Henderson, Elec. Ins. & Main.
Joyce Hensley, LPN
Dwight Herdt, Gen. Ed.
Cathy Hester, Gen. Ed.



Pamela Hickman, Med. Sec.
D. O. Hicks, Bus. Ad.
Paulfenia Hines, G.O.T.
Paul Hipps, Weld.



John Hoey, Ind. Mgt.
George Hollifield, Bus. Ad.
Susan Holt, Pol. Sci.
Steve Hope, Elec. Inst. & Main.



Elizabeth Hopper, Fash. Mer.
Jerry Hopper, Gen. Ed.
Reupel Hopper, Med. Sec.
Kenneth Hoppes, Bus. Ad.

Walter Hord, Bus. Ad.
William Horn, Fash. Mer.
Steve Horton, Gen. Ed.
Larry Hosch, Bus. Ad.



J. W. Howell, Bus. Ad.
Michael Howington, Weld.
Mitchell Howington, Bus. Ad.
Sarah Hoyle, Gen. Ed.



Steven Hoyle, Weld.
Mary Hudson, Med. Sec.
Randy Hudson, Env. Sci.
Terry Hull, Env. Sci.



Denise Humphries, Med. Sec.
Jerry Humphries, Pol. Sci.
Wanda Humphries, Med. Sec.
Debra Hunt, Ex. Sec.



Reba Hunt, Fash. Mer.
Susan Hurd, LPN
Edward Huskey, Weld.
Samuel Huskey, Pos. Ser.





Jimmy Huskins, Elec. Inst.
& Main.
Paul Hutchins, Air Cond.
Shannon Hyde, Agr. Sci.
Arthur Ivester, Air Cond.



James Ivey, Pol. Sci.
Fanny Jackson, Gen. Ed.
Kate Jackson, Pol. Sci.
Johnny Jackson, Auto Mec.



Larry Jackson, Bus. Ad.
Anita James, Med. Sec.
Sylvia James, Pol. Sci.
Joan Jamison, Pol. Scel.



Norman Jefferies, Fash. Mer.
William Jenkins, Ind. Mgt.
Sheree Johnson, Bus. Ad.
Danny Jolley, Ind. Mgt.



Deborah Jones, Gen. Ed.
Sally Jones, Med. Sec.
Tommy Jones, Air Cond.
Jack Keener, Weld.

Carolyn Keeter, Pol. Sci.
Brady Kelly, Gen. Ed.
Gary Kester, Pol. Sci.
Tony King, Pol. Sci.



Richard Kinmon, Auto Body
Hal Lail, Gen. Ed.
Ralph Lail, Bus. Ad.
Victor Lail, Agr. Sci.



Kathy Laney, Ex. Sec.
Richard Lanier, Gen. Ed.
Larry Leatherman, Auto Body
Dottie Leatherwood, Gen. Ed.

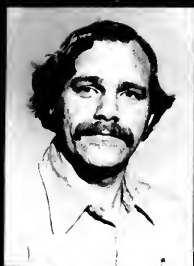


Bobby Ledbetter, Gen. Ed.
J. D. Ledbetter, Ind. Mgt.
Gail Ledford, Pol. Sci.
Charles Lee, Acct.



Scarlet Lefler, LPN
Mary Littlejohn, Fash. Mer.
Charles Logan, Ind. Mgt.
Rickmon Logan, Air Cond.





Bruce Lookadoo, Pol. Sci.
Cindy Lookadoo, LPN
Billy Lovelace, Ind. Mgt.
L. D. Lovelace, Bus. Ad.



Gordon Lutz, Pol. Sci.
Susan Lutz, LPN
Oswald Lynch, Bus. Ad.
Robert Marks, Bus. Ad.



Charles Marsh, Gen. Ed.
Dennis Martin, Ind. Mgt.
James Martin, Gen. Ed.
Vicki Martin, Med. Sec.



Judy Mason, Ex. Sec.
David Mathis, Weld.
Betty Mauney, Pol. Sci.
Laverne Mauney, Bus. Ad.



Jane Mayhue, Med. Sec.
Parthenia McClain, Fash. Mer.
Dy Ann McCleave, Fash. Mer.
L. McCrew, Air Cond.

Charlotte McDaniel, Ex. Sec.
 Donna McDaniel, Ex. Sec.
 Jerry McDaniel, Welding
 L. E. McFarland, Auto Mech.



Denise McGill, Fash. Merch.
 Patricia McGowan, Auto Mech.
 Elizabeth McIntyre, Prac. Nur.
 Charles McKee, Ind. Mgt.



Lynda McKinzie, Fash. Merch.
 Roger McNeilly, Gen. Ed.
 Cathy McPherson, Bus. Ad.
 Wanda McSwain, Fas. Merch.



Wanda McSwain, Pol. Sci.
 David Melton, Welding
 T. W. Melton, Bus. Ad.
 Melba Millard, Acc. & Bus. Ad.



John Miller, Bus. Ad.
 Jarrett Mobley, Bus. Ad.
 Harvey Morehead, Ind. Saf.
 Susan Morgan, Bus. Ad.





Wayne Morrison, Bus. Ad.
Marsha Moss, Acc.
Henry Myers, Ind. Saf.
Janie Myers, Med. Sec.



Louise Neal, Med. Sec.
Carolyn Newton, Med. Sec.
Revonda Newlon, Gen. Ed.
Jay Norket, Bus. Ad.



Dianne Norris, Fash. Merch.
Darlene Oates, Ex. Sec.
Kevin Oates, Acc.
George Overcash, Fash. Merch.



Barney Owens, Pol. Sci.
Robert Owens, Bus. Ad.
Peggy Owens, Gen. Ed.
Amir Palmer, Pol. Sci.



Kenneth Pannell, Bus. Ad.
Bobby Parker, Bus. Ad.
Edna Parks, Gen. Ed.
Barry Parsons, Agr. Sci.

Willie Partlow, Auto. Mech.
 Evelyn Patrick, Pra. Nur.
 Rutherford Patrick, Air Cond. Ref.
 Dianne Patterson, Pol. Sci.



Floyd Patterson, Ind. Saf.
 Jerry Patterson, Pol. Sci.
 John Patty, Bus. Ad.
 Pamela Paysour, Pra. Nur.



Albert Perkins, Ind. Saf.
 Joannie Petty, Pol. Sci.
 Subrina Petty, Pol. Sci.
 David Pettyjohn, Pol. Sci.



Jack Philbeck, Gen. Ed.
 Debra Phillips, G. O. T.
 Emmett Phillips, Gen. Ed.
 Ronald Phillips, Air Cond. Ref.



Hoyt Pittillo, Pol. Sci.
 Dennis Pittman, Bus. Ad.
 Carolyn Polk, Acc.
 Bernell Ponder, Fash. Merch.

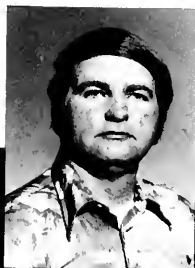




Darrell Pope, Gen. Ed.
Crystal Porter, G. O. T.
James Porter, Bus. Ad.
Michael Porter, Post. Ser.



Debbie Powell, G. O. T.
Walter Preston, Bus. Ad.
Gwendolyn Pugh, Med. Sec.
Aileen Putnum, Med. Sec.



Joe Putnum, Bus. Ad.
Michael Putnum, Fas. Mech.
Bobby Queen, Ele. Ser.
Cardine Ramseur, Acc.



Paul Ramseur, Pol. Sci.
Charles Ratchford, Fash. Mech.
Rita Ratchford, Med. Sec.
Faye Register, Acc.



Mary Richard, Pra. Nur.
H. A. Rippey, Ele. Ser.
Donald Robbs, Fash. Mech.
Sharion Robbs, Bus. Ad.

John Roberts, Bus. Ad.
Lynette Roberts, Ex. Sec.
Ola Rogers, Gen. Ed.
Annie Rose, G.O.T.



Audrey Ross, G.O.T.
Phillip Ruff, Agr. Sci.
Doris Ruppe, Prac. Nur.
Judy Russ, Bus. Ad.



Lorene Sargent, Acc.
Carroll Satcher, Bus. Ad.
Phyllis Savage, Fash. Merch.
Delores Scalfaro, Gen. Ed.



Steve Scism, Bus. Ad.
Debbie Sehabhuettel, Med. Sec.
Julie Sellers, Ex. Sec.
Shirley Sentell, Ex. Sec.



Paul Shade, Ind. Saf.
Amos Shear, Pol. Sci.
Susan Shook, Med. Sec.
Mary Simmons, Gen. Ed.





Charles Sims, Welding
 Jack Sims, Gen. Ed.
 Kaye Sims, Fash. Merch.
 Mary Sims, Pol. Sci.



Tina Sisk, G. O. T.
 Bernard Smith, Gen. Ed.
 Bobby Smith, Auto Body Rp.
 George Smith, Env. Sci.



Janet Smith, Fash. Merch.
 Ulysses Smith, Welding
 Victor Smith, Gen. Ed.
 Waymon Smith, Post. Ser.



Elaine Spearmon, G. O. T.
 Clay Sprinkler, Air Cond. & Ref.
 Gloria Stacey, Ex. Sec.
 Kenneth Starr, Fash. Merch.



Donna Staymate, Pra. Nur.
 Larry Stephens, Acc.
 Hasker Stevenson, Bus. Ad.
 Tracy Stewart, Agr. Sci.

Mike Stowe, Welding
 Pam Strickland, Med. Sec.
 Shelia Stroud, Ex. Sec.
 Felicia Surratt, Ind. Saf.



Juanit Surratt, Med. Sec.
 Mary Surratt, Pol. Sci.
 Stacy Surratt, G. O. T.
 Nathaniel Sweat, Gen. Ed.



Mary Sweezy, Med. Sec.
 Edward Swink, Gen. Ed.
 Pamela Tate, Fash. Merch.
 Joni Terry, X-Ray Tech.



Marcia Tessneer, Pra. Nur.
 Dennis Theis, Bus. Ad.
 Dochia Thomas Pol. Sci.
 Antoinette Thompson, G. O. T.



Nioaka Thompson, Pol. Sci.
 Vera Thompson, G. O. T.
 Weldon Thompson, Gen. Ed.
 Debbie Thornburg, Bus. Ad.





Horace Toney, Ele. Ins. & Main.
Donna Treadway, Prac. Nur.
David Turner, Agr. Sci.
Patsy Turner, Bus. Ad.



Roger Turner, Gen. Ed.
Herbert Vanlue, Pol. Sci.
Bernell Vause, Pol. Sci.
Cynthia Vinson, Fash. Merch.



John Vinson, Bus. Ad.
Charles Walker, Gen. Ed.
Deborah Ward, Fash. Merch.
Myra Ware, G. O. T.



Flay Washburn, Gen. Ed.
Richard Waters, Env. Sci.
Sharen Waters, Med. Sci.
Micheal Weaver, Bus. Ad.



Jasper Webber, Env. Sci.
Perry Whisnant, Auto Body Rep.
Diane Whitaker, G. O. T.
Ray Whitaker, Acc.

Donnie White, Ele. Ins. & Main.
 Mary White, Med. Sec.
 Denise Whiteside, Prac. Nur.
 Joe Whiteside, Pol. Sci.



Sandy Whiteside, Pol. Sci.
 Kay Wiesner, X-Ray Tech.
 Randy Wilkins, Fash. Merch.
 Becky Williams, Ex. Sec.



Bessie Williams, Fash. Merch.
 Deborah Williams, X-Ray Tech.
 Donald Williams, Welding
 Doris Williams, Pol. Sci.



Ianto Williams, Pol. Sci.
 Peter Williams, Pol. Sci.
 Angenette Wilson, Fash. Merch.
 Dianne Wilson, Fash. Merch.



Helen Wilson, Pol. Sci.
 Jenelle Wilson, Bus. Ad.
 Johnny Wilson, Agr. Sci.
 Larry Wilson, Bus. Ad.





Martha Wilson, G. O. T.
Reggie Wilson, Gen. Ed.
Frank Wimbush, Ind. Saf.
Rebecca Winn, Prac. Nur.



Bynum Woods, Fas. Merch.
Kathy Woods, Med. Sec.
Ann Wary, Auto Mech.
Samuel Wray, Welding



Vicky Wray, Bus. Ad.
Brenda Wright, Prac. Nur.
Linda Wright, Med. Sec.
Al Young, Pol. Sci.



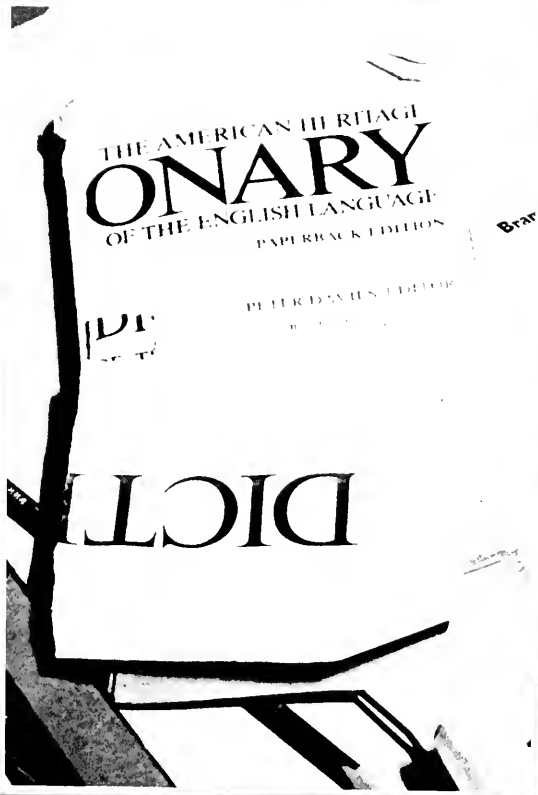
Linda Young, Med. Sec.
Ann Youngblood, G. O. T.
Elizabeth Yount, Auto Mech.
Cindy Anthony, Med. Sec.



Jack Conner, Pol. Sci.
Arthur Carroll, Bus. Ad.
Bobby Carroll, Bus. Ad.
Larry Dawkins, Gen. Ed.

Jeaul Greene, Agr. Sci.
Lee Laughridge, Gen. Ed.
Robert Shull, Bus. Ad.
Martha Stevenson, Med. Sec.







A proposition? Right here in
front of everybody?



...er way at Burger King



...notice me now
with my \$50 belt. "Put your
money where your mouth is
— use Close Up!"





I want to take a
girl high up in
the sky, with my
finger Muske-
keers!



Elmer sure does like
pudding, but he didn't have a
spoon.



"I still prefer dolls."



"I spell relief
ROLAIDS."



"Thanks, I needed that!"



I can't believe it's a



Would you like a
McF... and... to the
dance next week?

KNOW YOUR SGA OFFICERS



COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

HELBY HIGH

Present

Sound
of

FFR
UPDATE
TAKE ONE
KNOW WHAT'S

Support our Men's Basketball Team
SATURDAY, FEB. 19 7:30-
Holly Oak Park
PCC

CCTI Staff



The Twelve Who Are Building Our Future



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Chairman



Richard G. Kelly
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Mary Lou Barrier
James Cornwell
Ralph Dixon
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the President



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Carolyn Queen — Jean Francis — Jane Webb



Billie Jenks
Kathy Haywood
Louise Hamrick

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Aaron Edwards



Ethel Shell
Jessie Lott
Dorothy Black



Columbus Church
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Iverson Smith

Police Science — Practical Nursing — Radiologic Technology



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Sherry Royster
Jo Ann Schilling



Kay Williams — Lallage Carouthers



Don Lawrence

Allied Services

Ray Fisher
Wiley Sanders
Gene Cox
Ken Vassey



C. W. Mauney
Bill Buff



Wilson Mann
John Swofford
David James



Everette Hollifield



Frank Martin

General Education & Visiting Artist



Bob Hoover — Jim Fite



David Childers



Bob Decker — Anita Wilkie

Margaret Cummings — Rosalyn Wilson



Wilbur McBride



Ted Cash — Barbara Taylor

Ron Wright — Hal Bryant



Bob Callahan



Odds & Ends



REST ROOM







Ours



is a strange
and unique
relationship,
you're strange
and I'm unique



Woman was made
from the rib of man
she was not created
from his head -
to top him
nor from his feet -
to be stepped upon.

She was made
from his side -
to be equal to him:
from beneath his arm -
to be protected by him:
near his heart -
to be loved by him.









CCTI SUPERLATIVES



WITTIEST
Pete Stamey



BEST LOOKING
Sandra Daniels



MOST ATHLETIC
Haley Dedmon

— ARTWORK BY —
CLIFF HARRISON



BEST ALL AROUND
Bob Hoover



MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED
(or else)
Ron McKinney



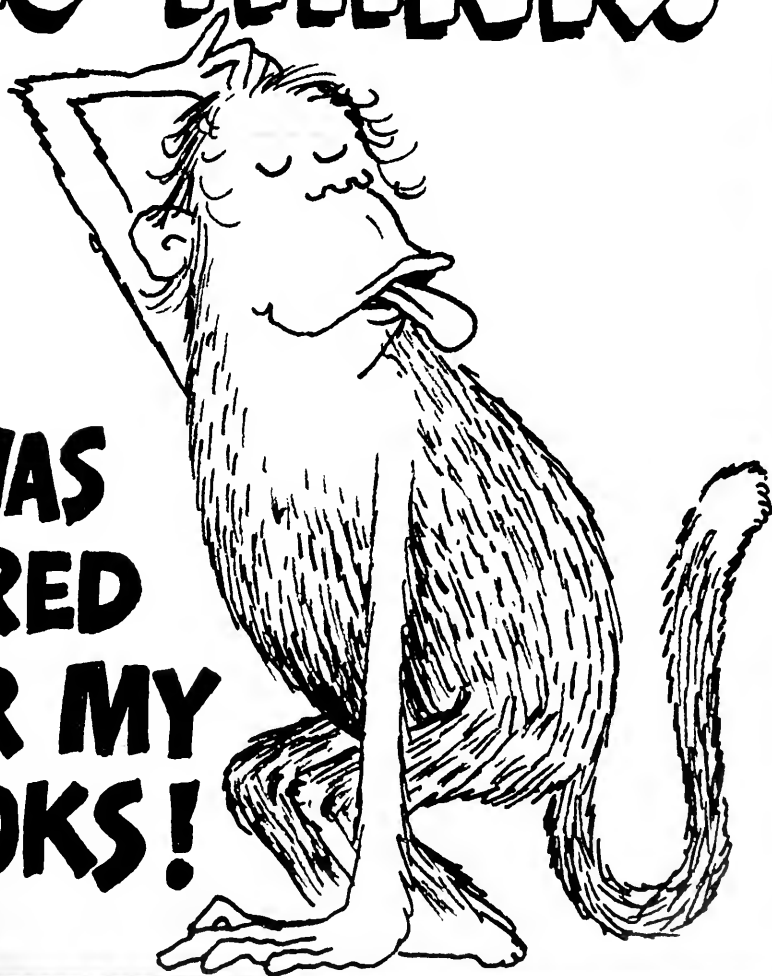
BEST PERSONALITY
Dot Roark



MOST TALKATIVE
Rosalyn Wilson

**DON'T ASK ME
TO THINK.**

**I WAS
HIRED
FOR MY
LOOKS!**



CLEVELAND TECH BARBECUE AND FOX HUNT

April 21 and 22, 1978

Rain Date — April 28 and 29

All employees and their families are invited to the First Annual Cleveland County Technical Institute Barbecue and Fox Hunt. For further information, contact John Martin, Don Smith, Pete Stamey, Joe Hamrick, Ed White, or Mel Campos.

The following committees are responsible for the event:

1. Slaughter the Barbecue (Friday afternoon) — Marvin Philbeck, Chairman, Buck Walker, David Childers, Ed White, Wilson Mann, Don Smith, Bill Buff, and Forrest Littlejohn.
2. Cut wood for fires — Aaron Edwards, Chairman, Mel Campos, Haley Dedmond, Wilbur McBride, and Tom Poston.

3. Collect and prepare equipment for cooking meat —
Grills for barbecue
Tables
Containers for ice
Garbage Cans

John Swofford and Everett Hollifield, Co-Chairmen, C. W. Mauney, David James, Jessie Lott, Columbus Church

4. Collect supplies for all three meals —
Paper plates, cups, spoons, forks
Napkins and table covers
Drinks (coffee, tea, cokes, etc.)
Salt and pepper
Potato Chips
Pickles

Evan Thompson, Chairman, Jack Butler, Bob Callahan, Iverson Smith, Woody Glenn, Dan Camp, and Jim Kelly

5. Committee to cook meat and prepare sauce — Mel Campos, Chairman, Don Smith, Joe Hamrick, Pete Stamey, Columbus Church, and Roman Galloway.

6. Connect power for lights and camping trailers, — Gene Cox, Chairman, Ray Fisher, Wylie Sanders, and Frank Martin.

7. Chef Committee for supper Friday night and breakfast Saturday morning — John Martin, Chairman, Bob Decker, Charlie Mack, Elwin Stilwell, Alan Price, John Roberts, Bob Wiggins, Frank Pullen, and J. L. Surratt.

8. Road and Equipment (Tractor) Committee and Parking — Joe Hamrick, Chairman, Gene Eskridge, Ron Wright, Ron McKinney, and Don Lawrence.

9. Camping Trailers, Tent, Pickup Trucks (with camper covers) Committee — Bobby Poston, Chairman, Alvin Sherlin, Frank Martin, Ted Cash, Tom Poston, and Jim Fite.

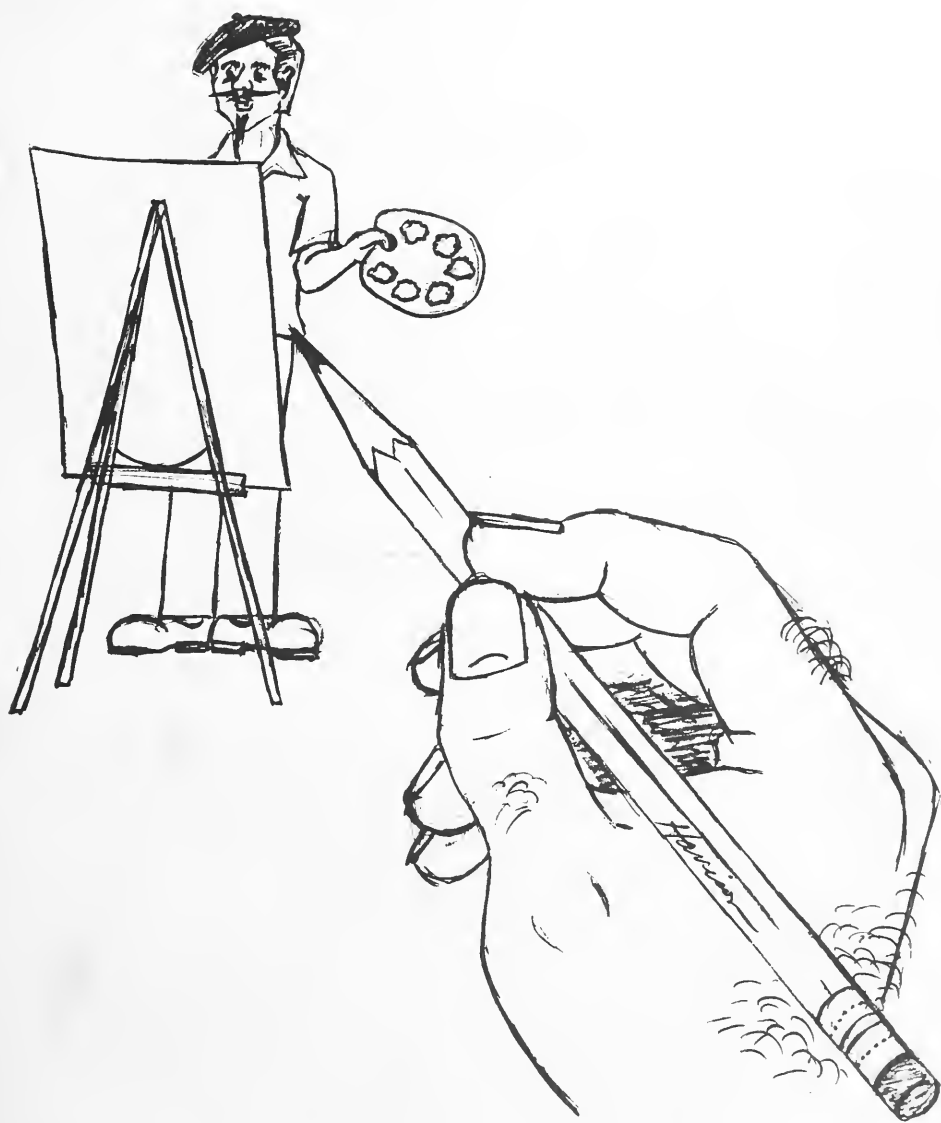
10. Latrine Committee — Pat Hamner and Alvin Sherlin, Co-Chairmen, Noel Lykins, Jim Wilson, Chuck Harding.

11. Game Committee and Location of Events (including maps) — John Kilby, Chairman, Jim Fite, Bobby Hoover, and Cobern Pruitt.

12. Finance Committee (responsible for determining number that will attend each event) — Jimmy Greene, Chairman, Bob Henninson, Adrian Wyrick, Fred McFarland, Hal Bryant, and Larry Staton.







CCTI Art...

Appalachian
 green smoke and orange fire,
 there's a tiny wooden cabin
 filled with people I have known.
 They have come to celebrate
 my never having left.
 We are glad for questions
 without answers.
 We are glad they are not asked.
 Michael Goforth

theater
 backstage madness
 flashing lights and swirling colors
 an old man
 snoring on the front row
 drowning dialogue
 Michael Goforth

SOME SHELBY WOMEN SIT WITH VACANT STARES

Some Shelby women sit with vacant stares,
 In a desperate search for truth.
 Stuck, glued, and adhering to their lazy chairs,
 In oblivion to all except their daily ritual
 "As the World Turns."
 Caught up in their exorcism of all private griefs
 and loneliness,
 They temporarily halt communication from the
 external world
 By leaving the phones off hooks
 For sixty minutes of abundant life.
 Concerned with the spellbinding questions
 Of adultery, fornication, incest, and alcoholism.
 They forget their former concern with neighbors
 And concentrate on matters of grave concern.
 Will Kim marry Dan?
 Will Lisa have an affair with Bob?
 Will Grant kill Lisa when he finds out?
 What if invitations arrived postmarked Heaven,
 Engraved in gold, and addressed by God Almighty Himself
 Carrying this message?
 You are cordially invited to attend an uprising or upraising
 at Sunset Cemetery,
 Where an unknown Confederate soldier
 Will be raised from the dead,
 A second Lazarus, making known all secrets of the universe,
 Revealing all truths,
 At exactly one thirty o'clock in the afternoon,
 On Wednesday, November 9, 1977.
 Admission through the gates will be free
 And will be based solely on total credulity.
 R.S.V.P.
 One third would turn out but fail the test of belief.
 One third would mail a note,
 Addressed in black ink, saying:
 Mrs. Blank Blank
 Regrets that she is unable to accept
 Your kind invitation of November 9.
 And one third would simply fail to respond at all
 to this invitation,
 But would park themselves at this time
 For another inspiring episode of
 "As the World Turns."
 Some Shelby women sit with vacant stares,
 In a desperate search for truth.
 Ann Herndon

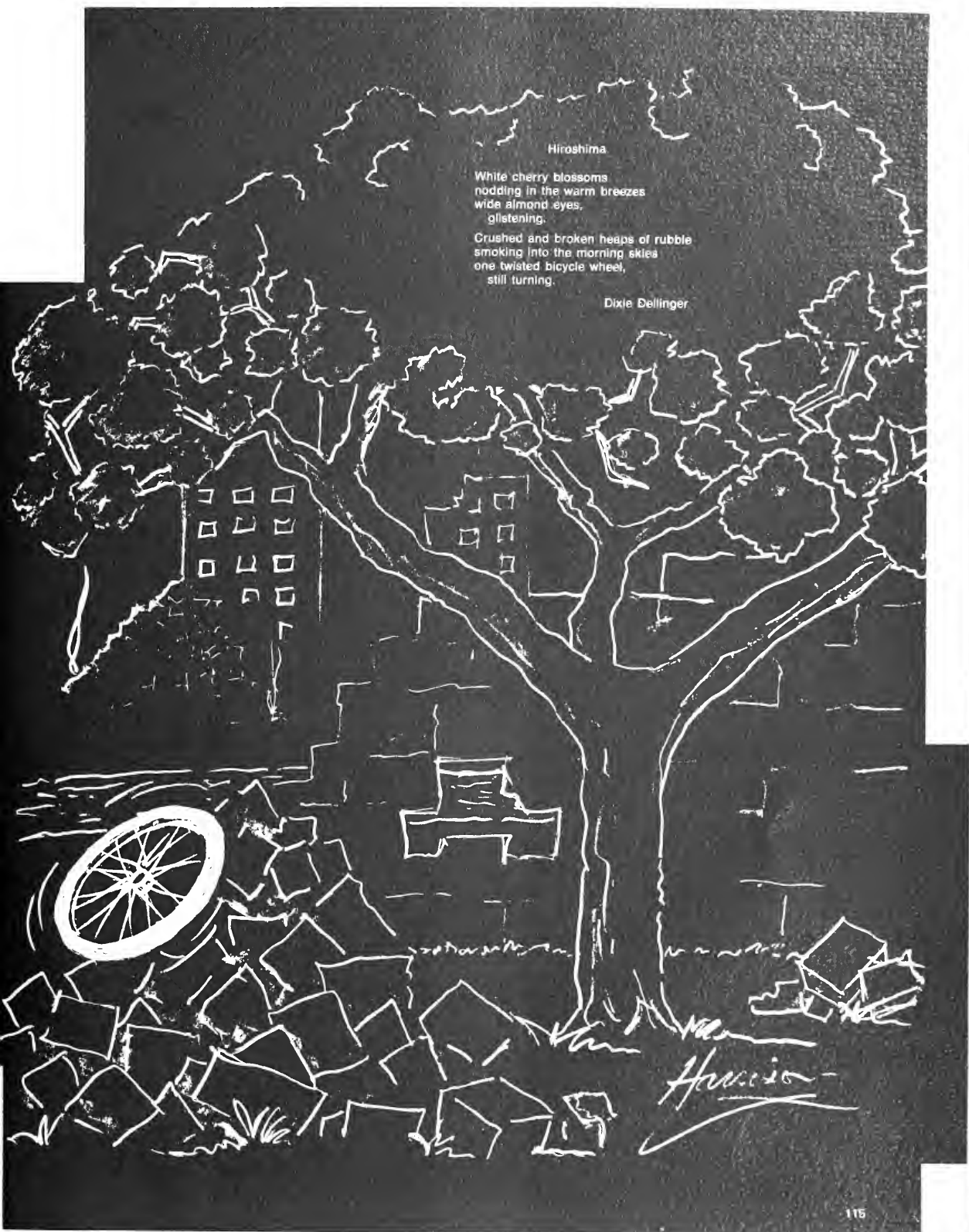
I am all you will ever know,
 the prophet's promise
 the poet's vision
 the reality of an unreal world.
 I am what you seem to me to be.
 Michael Goforth

Hiroshima

White cherry blossoms
nodding in the warm breezes
wide almond eyes,
glistening.

Crushed and broken heaps of rubble
smoking into the morning skies
one twisted bicycle wheel,
still turning.

Dixie Dellinger



SPRING TIME

Tiny birds with tiny wings
How their hearts unfold
Children can imagine things
That they cannot be told

Trees how their leafy wings spread.
Their branches how they reach out
New life is all around us
Nature knows what it's all about.

Flowers bloom and they spring up.
The grass, it turns so green.
A kitten may fight with a little pup.
And then you know it's spring

Doug Pittman

Happy . . .
Always smiling
Brightening my life with his presence
Making the world a little better
Just by being.

Gentle,
Ever so loving.

Like a summer breeze,
He drifted into my soul
And brought me life
And love
And dreams.

His love is the sun
Brightening my world
Lifting my spirits
Giving me laughter
And tears
And love.

What is love?

It is laughter and sunshine
Smiles and tears

It is he
And me.

You are the sun
Shining in my life
Bringing warmth and sunshine
To my soul.

You are a cool breeze
Awakening my senses
Giving me life
And a feeling of happiness.

You are spring flowers
Bursting with color
Making me smile
And love you.

Kathy Forter

TO FROSTY

Set inside a fluffy mane
Like swirling snow —
Two liquid brown, jewels shine
With a special glow—
And the touch of an icy black nose
Startles me from my peaceful doze—
Who is this
Who dares
Interrupt my dreams?
The strange snowball explodes
Into rapid locomotion —
Four legs, two ears, a tail
Spell a message of devotion —
One warm pink tongue assaults my face
With sloppy precision at a fenzied pace —
What is this
That dares
Dampen my nose?
Joyful, shrill barking and yelping
Fills the air —
As this creature paws with
Great excitement at my hair —
Begging me to join its animated play
Is there any choice but for me to say —

I love you, too

Crazy Frosty —
My dog, My friend —
If you'll be patient, your lonely time will end."
Kathy Justice

YOUNG AND OLD

Old people in homes,
Their dull grey hair,
With no children to visit
Or anyone to care.

Lonely teenagers without
Parents or friends,
With only drugs and substitutes
For a bitter end.

When I was a little boy,
I never cried;
But now that I'm older,
Certain things wet my eyes.

Saying farewell to
Friends of old
Is like a prized possession
Just marked sold

The unfortunate youngster,
Sad in face
Bones too crippled
To keep up the pace.

Barney Owens

FOR SYLVIA PLATH

Fragmentation of sensibility and mind.
 May sometimes prove fatal.
 Your search for the lost father,
 For a "culcassus," to use your word,
 Seemingly brought you to completion with another poet.
 A genius with poetry to protect you
 Against the vicissitudes of this word.
 Rejoicing in his achievements, his conquests,
 Sometimes forced you to accept second place.
 Walking on the moors with Ted brought temporary ecstasy,
 But ecstasy maintained is no longer ecstasy.
 The husband replaced the father,
 Or so the Freudians would say.
 This analysis is far too obvious.
 For heights and depths proved extreme.
 In your letters, you veered from exhilaration to despair.
 You sometimes went from Shirley Temple to St. Catherine
 On the Wheel, all in the same letter.
 Always, you insisted you were fine,
 And only temporarily out of sorts.
 "Me thinks the lady doth protest too much."
 When Ted abandoned you and the children for another woman,
 You made the transition from wife and housekeeper
 To keeper of bees; you refused to admit the sting to your ego.
 Unhinged, you could no longer maintain the illusion
 of wholeness.
 Frozen pipes, flu, and two boisterous children
 Undermined self-sufficiency.
 And isolation and time for creation became impossible.
 Even in a house where Yeats had lived.
 Insecurity drove you past the sustaining magnification
 of the mind.
 Sensibility in control, you found it convenient to try again
 The twice-practiced desperations of the past.
 When you had attempted to leave this world
 But were brought back, Lady Lazarus,
 Bearing secrets of transcendence and immutability.
 You thought you did it well, showing how to die,
 But this time you succeeded far too well.
 For just one moment, before the final gasp,
 Did you believe that you would somehow surmount this action,
 This death, and return with new visions to give the world,
 To crown yourself a goddess, a triple Lady Lazarus?
 Fragmentation of sensibility and mind
 May sometimes prove fatal.

Ann Herndon

Icicle Saturday

melting

in steamy Sunday

the tears I forgot

in her yes, no, yes,

her wet eyes

touching my self-sure smile.

Michael Goforth

M LADY

Raven hair
 Sea-green eyes
 The smile that warms the soul
 The end of years unscathed
 My proverbial pot of gold

Loveliness
 Beyond compare
 The answer to my dream
 My long sought-after love
 My mystical goddess in years

Neptune child
 Dark and calm
 A sweet change from the norm
 The loving smile at long days
 My shelter from the storm

My future dreams
 In you rest.
 Your love I pray to keep
 And count my new-found blessings
 As I lie and watch you sleep

John W. Elliott

GETTING BACK

A golden sun a'shining
 Through crafted, cabin doors.
 My happy babies playing
 With wood toys on the floor.

A host of happy family smells
 Drifts through the house of log.
 Good music on the stereo and
 A small, white, friendly dog.

Watching wispy clouds float by
 On a pillowed, front porch swing.
 Away from noise and craziness,
 No telephone to ring.

A few good acres of garden land
 With food-crops soon to stand.
 Each musky foot tilled with care
 By a happy, family man.

Time to spare for love and life.
 To enjoy my families glow.
 Pure water to drink and air to breathe,
 Plenty of room to grow.

My lady, my life, my lover.
 Devoted, sweet, and true,
 Completes my dream future
 And someday I'll see it through.

John W. Elliott

HANDS

A hand is the terminal part of an arm
It can do you good, it can do you harm
It may be big, or it may be small
But it is servicable to us all.

Everyone's hands have a story to tell
If they could talk, they would tell it well.

Because of their hands, many are fat
Have you ever seriously thought about that?
We use them for bathing when taking a bath,
For the way of cleanliness is the right path.

Hands are used to dress up and put on our shoes
They help to comfort when one has the blues.

Our hands are guided by our hearts
and our minds. All hands are different.
There's not two of a kind.

Hand talk is learned by those with no voice
It's not easy for them, but they have no choice.
Handwriting experts tell much from our hands;
How they write the language that we understand.

Baby's hands are the first things he sees.
He learns to grasp rattles and play with beads.
With building blocks he soon learns to play.
Hands keep him busy throughout the day.

A little boy's hands in a day, may be
dirty and soiled in the worst kind of way.
In his pockets are rocks, marbles, and lollipops too.
All put there by his hands, and there's other things too.

Don't be surprised if he picks up a snake,
Catches spiders in jars, and ant hills make.
His hands are as busy as they can be.
They're the hands of the future, through eternity.

A farmer's hands sow the seed for the bread that we eat.
After sowing the seed, he harvests the wheat.
All our produce is grown by him.
We all eat his products, to get fat or stay slim.

The shoe-cobbler half-soles the shoes for our feet;
Though they're rare these days, they're a joy to meet.

The lineman, the fireman, and garbage man too;
All with their hands daily tasks do.

My Dad's hands are strong and do everything better,
than all Dads on the block, whatever the weather.

The palm reader looks at the lines in our hands.
She tells us our future and our life span.

A Mother's hands may be young and smooth
or calloused, rough, and old.
But if hands could talk —
No more beautiful story could ever be told.

They've diapered the baby and bound up the wounds,
Made homemade preserves and played beautiful tunes.

They're used to comfort and wipe away tears —
That children all shed in their growing up years.

An X-ray of one's hands helps the doctor to see
If bones are broken or in place as should be.

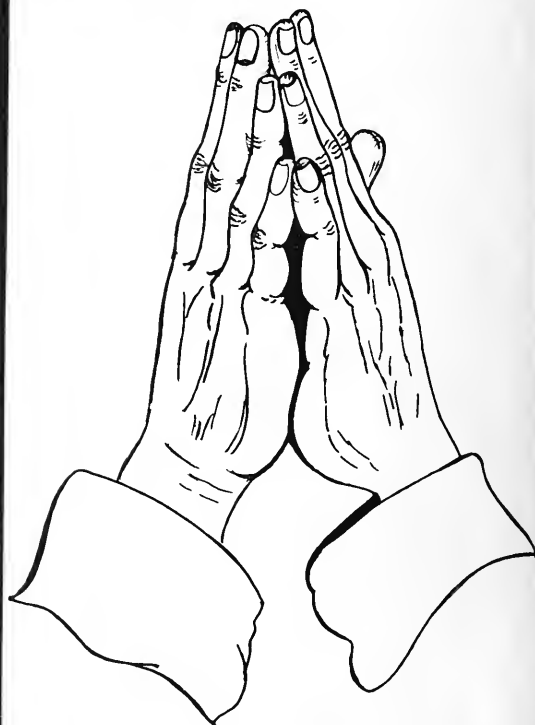
The greatest hands in the world are the hands we don't see;
Yet, they're daily guiding both you and me.
He'll lead us safely through the valley of death —
to a beautiful place where we'll have new breath.

We all have a rendezvous that we must keep —
On that great judgment day — will we smile or weep?
He'll reach out His hand to claim His own. To those who
have loved Him, He'll give a crown.

To those who have their lives to Satan given;
He'll turn them away saying, "You have missed Heaven!"
Let us use our hands in a kind and good way;
doing service to others, from day to day.

Don't take them for granted, or lazy let be.
Don't save them, but use them that others may see
Your hands are a blessing to you, God, and me.

Margaret Curtis



One Hour...

by Tom Rabon

She was standing alone at the crest of a hill, looking down at the far end. The wind was blowing hard against her, making her eyes squint. And always, she seemed to be waiting for someone to come and stand beside her. As quickly as the dream came, it vanished.

She awakened, looked at the clock, but her eyes were still too sleep-filled to read it clearly. Anyway, it was a hell of a time to wake up from a dream, especially since she had to be at work by eight. She remembered she'd had that dream a lot after her husband died. Of course that was thirteen years ago. With the passing of time, the dream had occurred less frequently. Now, it seemed to be coming back again. Maybe reoccurring dreams were like that; they ran in cycles. What time was it anyway? Ten-after-three the clock read. Why couldn't dreams come at more convenient times? For that matter, why couldn't everything come at more convenient times?

Oh well, late night television was out of the question. Perhaps, she might read. The other day, she had picked up a Gothic love novel by Zora Lambert and had yet to crack it. No, reading was out of the question too; she just couldn't concentrate. She knew she had to do something. If she continued to lay there in the darkness, she would begin to think, and that was absolutely the last thing she wanted to do.

Sitting up, she felt on the night table for her cigarettes. Lighting up, she lay back and amused herself by making cigarette trails. Oops, smoking in bed was a no-no. Why just earlier this evening hadn't Dick Van Dyke come on the tube warning about the hazards of smoking in bed? Well, this was her house, and by God, if she wanted to smoke in bed, then she would smoke in bed.

Again she glanced at the clock; it read 3:12. Perhaps she would take a sleeping pill. No, she'd been relying on them too much lately. She guessed she was just going to have to tough it out. Her memories slipped back to the time she was a child, growing up on a farm in Pennsylvania, and of her father, Emory Farris was his name. A descendant from good Pennsylvania stock, he was small of stature, with sparse baby-fine hair and clear blue eyes, that belied an inner strength of character. He had been a schoolteacher back in the days of the old one-room schoolhouse. After World War One, he decided that farming was a better, if not more profitable way, to rear a family. He would never resume his teaching career. The first nineteen years of her life had been spent on that farm; she remembered them as the most carefree years of her life.

Slowly, her thoughts drifted back to the present. Her pillow was hot. She could never stand a hot pillow. Turning it over to the cool side, she pounced out the wrinkles and settled back down. She rolled over and sneaked a sidelong glance at the clock. Good Lord! It wasn't even twenty after three yet! Maybe she did need that sleeping pill. Kicking away the covers, she got up and softly padded down the hall towards the bathroom. Stopping at the door to her daughter's room, she looked in. A faint trace of light came in through the window and gently illuminated the room. Everything was quiet. Turning, she made her way down the hall and into the bathroom. She

groped for the light switch and found it. Reaching into the medicine cabinet, she found the small plastic bottle of sleeping pills. Now why did the manufacturers have to put those child-proof caps on everything? They might be great for mothers with small children, but for her, they were just a nuisance. Twisting off the cap, she shook out a pill and washed it down. Flicking off the light, she started back down the hall. Again, she stopped at the door to her daughter's room and looked in. Everything was still quiet. She continued on into her own bedroom and sat on the edge of the bed. She tried to untense. She knew sleeping pills always worked faster if one were relaxed. Lying back on the bed, she closed her eyes and let her mind drift. Slowly, her head was enveloped by the soft foam of the pillow. Somehow, it was like sinking into a giant marshmallow.

Ed, her husband, had never liked pillows. He always claimed that when a person was lying in a completely horizontal position, the slightest elevation to the head impaired circulation to the brain. That caused a person to wake up less alert. He had been full of little quirks like that. But quirks or not, she had been attracted to him the first time she had laid eyes on him.

She had been a second-year nursing student at the University of Pennsylvania and he, a transfer student, from some little podunk school in upper New York state. Edward Patrick Morphy was his name, and a bigger, more swaggering Irishman had never lived. He had a fondness for any type of alcoholic beverage, a bawdy sense of humor, and yes, the same clear blue eyes that her father had. Maybe, it was the resemblance in the eyes that had attracted her to him in the first place. Three months after she graduated, they had been married with her parents' blessing.

Afterwards, they had moved to Connecticut, where Ed was determined to set himself up in the lumber business. The business prospered, but Ed always had wanderlust. When he heard that textiles were the big thing down south, he sold the business and off they headed to Richmond, Virginia.

If anything, they had been lucky. Ed managed to get a good position with a growing textile firm, headquartered in Richmond. She had thought this was it; no more moves, just a nice, settled family life. For awhile, she thought her predictions had come true. Four years after moving to Richmond, they had their first child, a baby girl. As it turned out, the pregnancy and birth were hard, and the doctors advised her against trying to have more children. So their first child was to be their only child. However, that didn't matter, for the baby was healthy, and both she and Ed adored her. They had named the little girl Lynn, and she proved to be every bit like her father, down to the same blue eyes. She was happy, with a carefree spirit, and a zest for life. Indeed, life was going well, and they had been content. Then, just six years later, at the age of forty-one, Ed had died with a heart attack. She remembered the day she received the call from the plant. Ed had collapsed while walking down to the warehouse. He was dead even before the ambulance arrived.

The noise startled her. What was it, where

was it coming from? Sitting upright in bed, she realized she had begun to doze off. Then she knew that the sound of rain beating against the window had awakened her. Looking at the clock she saw it was twenty-five of four. Nothing to do but settle down and try it again. She smoothed out the covers and tried to relax.

She thought about the day of Ed's funeral, how dreary and dismal it had been. She remembered, that later, she had often thought how could he have done this to me? Alone, and with a six-year-old child to raise, was not an easy prospect for anyone to face. However, she had never been one to throw in the towel. Some months after Ed's death, she took a position as a nursing instructor at a nursing school just outside Richmond. She vowed to build a new life for herself and Lynn, a life that would never again be marred by tragedy. Just before Lynn's tenth birthday, she had heard about a job opening at a hospital in Roanoke. Assistant nursing director was what the job had been about. It offered a chance for job security, better pay, and maybe even a crack at the position of head nursing director. She sent in a résumé and, to her surprise, was asked to come for an interview. Six weeks after the interview, she received a letter saying the job was here for the taking. Elated, she and Lynn decided to take an early vacation before moving from Richmond to Roanoke. They had gone to the beach, not Virginia Beach, but all the way to Florida. It had been a pleasant time. Lynn was a beautiful child, and the sun and fresh air only served to enhance that beauty. Upon their return, they had found a lovely home in a suburb of Roanoke, and she had begun her new job. The next several years had been quiet and peaceful, with Lynn maturing into a graceful and personable young lady.

Then, more tragedy struck. It occurred shortly after Lynn's fifteenth birthday. One day at work, she got a call from Lynn's school. Lynn had had an epileptic convulsion. The news had scared her half out of her mind. Afterwards, came the endless succession of medical testing and even psychiatric evaluations. She would never forget, once on the way back from the medical center, Lynn had tearfully blurted out, "Mother, do you think I'll ever be normal?" She had tried to comfort Lynn as best she could. Fortunately, the doctors' prognosis had been good; and with proper medication, the seizures were brought under control. So for awhile, things once again ran smoothly. Lynn was doing fine. She had graduated from high school with honors and had been accepted into the University of Pennsylvania. As for herself, she had learned that she was to be tapped to succeed the outgoing head nursing director. Lying there, she mused over the new life she had made for herself and Lynn.

Instantly, she snapped back to reality. A loud, sharp clap of thunder had stimulated her senses. She would go check on Lynn. Ever since that first epileptic seizure three years ago, Lynn had developed a fear of sudden, loud noises. She stopped, for there was no need to check on Lynn, she wasn't at home. Just a few days earlier she had left for school. She fought back a tear, as she thought of herself, all alone in the house, without the daughter she adored. She looked at the clock. She'd better try and get some sleep. It was almost four o'clock, and after all, she had to be at work by eight.



THE WATERFALL IN WINTER

Boulders of gray both massive and smooth, a remnant of ancient mountain peaks
And prehistoric zeniths unreachable then by even the mightiest of animals or the
swiftest of birds.

Living parables of time and the forces of nature immersed in the natural sculptor
Whose forms tell of centuries of everflowing and unencumbered cycles of erosion
and creation.

Falling into the community of rocks from a climatic cliff is the water of Noah
Spaced from a flood of long ago, brought about by natural rather than Super-
natural tempers wrought by a biological reaction not an angered god.

For the forces of nature are mystically continuous, containing no answers of a
beginning or promises of an end.

Forever, never ending, never beginning, unconscious and unalterable except by
the insistence of man.

The ice formed into crystalline mounds by the splashing and the vapors which
Descends on the gods of the river, the rocks, the immovable, steadfast rocks.
Dead creatures of yesterday lie buried beneath the soil and the pebbles as the
water supplies the living.

A veritable graveyard, a mausoleum of nature's village, all of whom subscribe to
"what is," the present.

None ask about yesterday or why they survive.

They only live for today swimming against the merciless rapid current,
Hiding beneath rocks to withstand the everpresent pounding of water from the
top of the cliff, living hand to mouth rather than question the inevitable never
ceasing wonder of life.


Bob Creech



S. Senteil

Why are we so startled
by a mispronounced word?
There are people dying now
in silence.

Michael Goforth



Old ladies with spider-web hair
Sit upon park benches watching
Parks become sidewalks,
Homes becoming yellowed photographs
Locked within broken music boxes,
Hidden in a lace-filled drawer.

Michael Goforth

MAGIC MOMENTS

Today I experienced
a little bit of magic,
No — not from some old
chest in the attic.
It was a lovely feeling
so deep within my heart.
A gentle, tender, arousal
that I can't begin to impart.
A rush so warm and pulsing,
it almost burst my breast,
Yes, your delightful smile —
your moist, tender kiss —
the gentleness of your fingers
Wrapping my face in a caress.
These things are magic
and make my heart stir —
I love you so dearly —
Do you really care? ? ? ?
Shirley K. Sentell

S. Sentell



Cleveland County in the Civil War

CLEVELAND COUNTY IN THE CIVIL WAR

You can take it as a sign
now, though no one did,
of what lay ahead.

From the courthouse we hauled out
the cannon, a relic of Cowpens
and older than the nation
whose flag we'd shed that afternoon;
whose government was none
of our business
now. Nor ours
theirs.

At twilight we saluted secession.
The shot ran crazy through the square.
Children came gaping. We saluted
Jeff Davis, North Carolina, all
the Confederate States, their
armies and navies. And we
thought up many others.

Came corn, came shadows, came barking dogs
careening through the animated citizenry,
shirt sleeved, torn in
dust mouthed,
elated.

All night the boom
echoed off our stores
and churches rose
from our midst like a kite
painted with blood.
Oaths ran its tail, a million
white handkerchiefs,
whiter than starlight,
more starlike than Mars
appropriately low to the ground,
dirt colored, cloud ridden
Mars.

By dawn the crowd was dazed
although the men still strutted,
still bellowed and beat
with affection upon each other.
Seeing light come grey, foreseeing
rain, we took what powder
remained and packed it hard
into the cannon. Our salute
supply exhausted, the shot,
last shot, was fired without a word.

Coming to, looking up
from where I sprawled upon the green,
I saw my companions similarly scattered
on their backs or on their bellies, and I saw
the splintered cannon, abomination
of metal, barrel bent back
like a mushroom, had shattered
every window in town.

Our celebration ended. So
began the War in Shelby.

1862 SHARPESSBURG

—A large number of the North Carolina
troops at this battle in northern Virginia were
from Cleveland County.

And in the town while their cannons
threw hell across our shoulders, as the stones
flew so did pigeons
fly out of roofs out of burning
buildings over the pain that swarmed among us
as the order came to move

Again out of town again to the road
again the stun and thud and breath-
lessness I do not cherish. Later I learned from a book
we were saved by God and a handful of Georgians,
and now I know Hill and a blue clad thousand
whom the Yankees took for their own
until cut down amidst their cheering.

A surge of men and noise, we pressed the matter,
drove them backwards, all the while
we yelled and fired the pigeons
whirled, the houses blazed, the fields
and rocks and lumps of dead, the green
land steamed and shaded red.

1863

Unreal they wished
snow waking them rattled
reminding them of bones
and Gettysburg held many

the year now ending the change
unchanged as if the mountains
moved for warmth as if the last
of deer were dead they looked

but would not long into an opaque
world out the window a dance
medieval ice coiled snake
motioned smoke from down the valley

ashing greyer and greyer
as blue hands and faces rose
and sunk into hard Winter's landscape

if time could stop or speed
some though nothing else
or nothing strange at least

a peace by Spring from that
men back to work for life
some hoped while others

stuffed their stoves and knew
what must be done

1854

In the shade the rifles lost their shine.
Across the hills, along the marsh, up the
pasture to the grove they had been bright
blue. So were the buckles of the soldiers'
belts, so was the braid on the officer's hat;
blue or muted like pewter; changing, but shin-
ing. Not now. The soldiers made a semi-circle
facing the prisoners; six boys, civilians. The
faces of the boys bulged with terror.

"Where are the horses?" The officer asked.
No one spoke. A canteen rattled.

"You." The officer pointed to William
Rhyme, the tallest of the boys. Just turned six-
teen.

William stammered, "I — Ain't never — d-
d-done nothing to hurt y-y-you or n-n-
nobody. Please, p-p-please."

The officer raised his pistol and removed
William's face.

"Where are the horses?"

By sundown the soldiers had rounded up
nine mounts, two mules, and a calf. The
animals were all bone from lack of grain;
bone like this whole neck of the woods, like
what it called an army.

The soldiers and the officer knew they were
lucky. They knew they could eat now. The
Rebels wouldn't.

Riding out toward their unit on a moonlit
road, the shadows of men and animals
stretched hugely through tangled fields of
cotton. The officer thought: "Don't think." By
dawn he would still be riding.

1865

Daughter, 97,
recalls father:
He farmed but
later did little
sat mostly; disease
never left him, war
had taken all
his youth.

But once
she was given an image
from visiting friends
of his, friends from war:
Upon a ridge near Antilem
River, he'd stood with
rifle over head, and
whooped derision, cursed
retreating blue backed
scoundrels, screamed
no bullet made could
kill him. No bullet
ever did.

This image
she weighs against another:
a day to day procession
of skeletons on a road;
soldiers, her mother told her
as they shambled past the door,
soldiers without uniforms,
or shoes. They did not speak.
Then one day her mother
ran to meet one of those passing;
one flapping his rags, one
suddenly speaking: "My daughter,
where is she?"

Running
from the house, out back
through mud in May, her mother's
voice grew tiny. Of the War

this she remembers.
David Childers

REMEMBER YESTERDAY



Do you remember yesterday?
All the games we used to play?
Do you remember yesterday???
Yesterday
Do you remember the rose painted clouds?
All the wine and flowers we shared?
Do you remember yesterday???
Yesterday
Do you remember?? All the love we shared?
All the good times we had?
Do you remember the first time we kissed?
Then the night we first made love?
Then came the time to say good-by . . .
Then we went our separate ways . . .
Do you remember yesterday???
Yesterday — Yes-ter-day

When we were
so in love?
You were the only
one I'm thinking of.
Do you remember yesterday???
Yesterday
All the nights
we sat beneath the stars?
A toast to love and
a laughter or two?
Do you remember yesterday???
Yesterday
Yesterday???
How nervously our lips first met?
What a few moments of happiness!
How I stood there and watched you cry?
Do you remember yesterday????
Do you remember yesterday????

Jerry Adams

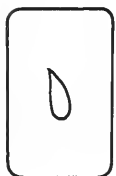
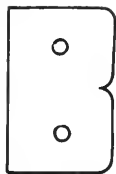
The first sounds of music were nature's sounds;
The singing of birds, rustling leaves on the ground.
The lapping of waves on a sandy beach
Was music to the ears of early man and beast.

The first songs of man were not written down
But from generation to generation they were passed around.
Simple melodies were sung as they worked and played;
Thus, was the road for early music paved.

The first musical instruments were the drums and the pipes.
They were used mostly for dancing and activities of this type.
A few years later, the lyre was introduced.
This softened the tone of music that the early people produced.

Many years have passed since that first musical note.
Composers have become famous for the songs that they wrote,
Singers have won fame for the songs they have sung,
But the history of music has only just begun.

Denise Humphries



BOZO

The little boy with a tear-stained, dirty face stood in the corner of the playground. His coat was tattered, torn and almost threadbare in places. The hair on his head was matted together and nappy as it was lifted by the autumn wind.

The colored leaves fell about the school yard from the giant trees surrounding the building. Most of the children had been picked up by their parents, but a scattered few remained to kick the big red ball. Much laughter filled the air and only little PePe had the look of sadness. His shoes were too large for his tiny feet, and they were very, very scuffed. You could tell they had been well-worn by someone before they became his. PePe turned to run away, but was approached by the ugliest, shaggiest, tail-waggingest, long-legged mutt you have ever seen. The boy's eyes lit up and he smiled for the first time all day. The dog began to jump on him and lick his hands, face and hair. PePe called the dog "Bozo" and began to pet him. Everywhere PePe went the rest of the day, Bozo tagged along. PePe kept his shy grin while Bozo was near and for the first time felt that he had found a friend.

Both were hungry as they started home by way of the bakery shop where the smell of fresh baking bread made PePe's mouth become moist. He lifted his head just in time to see the owner of the bakery carry a package to a car that waited at the curb. PePe cringed with fright because he thought the man was going to yell at them for being too near the door as so many of the shopkeepers did, but Bozo wagged his ragged tail, pulled the shopkeeper's trouser leg, and began to growl. Instead of being angry, the man laughed as he took the boy and dog inside where he gave them some fresh bread, some cheese, and a big mug of milk. While sitting beside the big, old heater warming themselves, both boy and dog fell asleep.

Mr. Baker let the child sleep for an hour; then picked him up gently and carried him the three blocks to a run-down tenement the boy called home. Bozo hurried along to keep up with Mr. Baker. When they arrived, no one was there; the room was enclosed in a damp, musty odor, and lack of heat left the room with a drafty chill. Mr. Baker laid the sleeping child on the rumpled bed, spread the dirty, worn blanket over the small body, and patted Bozo on the head. Not knowing what else to do, Mr. Baker walked slowly to the door and stepped into the chill of the night as he

headed for home.

PePe slept soundly until the cold became more than he could bear. He was wide awake now and shivering. Bozo was near-by sleeping with one watchful eye open. When the boy moved, the dog's head followed, and he kept vigil while the boy tried to set some papers on fire to warm them. The paper blazed, but the flames were gone before much warmth was enjoyed. PePe set out to find some wood. There were some old slats from an orange crate in the alley outside the back door. PePe picked some of these up and carried them back into the room. He lighted more paper to get the wood hot. The smoke filled the room and the boy began to cough. He saw a small can of gasoline on the window sill. PePe thought the oil would get the fire to blazing and they could warm themselves. He threw the can into the smoking, smoldering fire of slats and damp paper. There was a terrible explosion as the can burst and flew into pieces. One of the pieces of the can hit PePe on the upper arm and went through the worn jacket like it was not there at all. Blood spurted. PePe screamed, Bozo ran. The child was so afraid, and the pain was so bad he slumped to the floor. The flames began to lap at the wood of the walls. The room was stuffy with the smoke and the terrible odor of oil and rags burning as the bed caught fire. PePe lay crying on the floor, too close to the flames and too far from the door to see it in the smoky haze that filled the room.

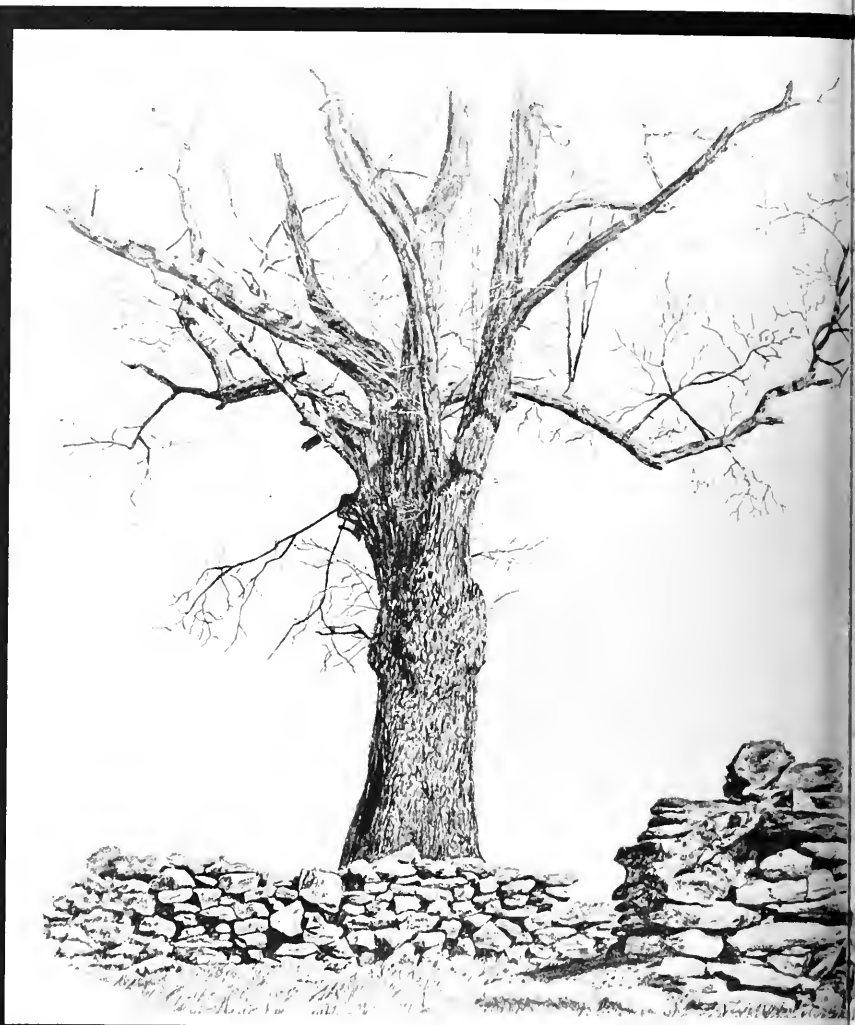
Suddenly, the door burst open and Mr. Baker rushed in, dropped quickly to his hands and knees, and felt his way to where the boy lay. He hastily picked PePe up and made his way back to where he had left the whimpering Bozo beside the door. Bells clanged, sirens wailed as the fire department and the ambulance came. PePe was taken to the hospital, treated for a bad cut on his arm and burns on the legs and ankles, and released. Thanks to Bozo and Mr. Baker there were no real serious injuries, but the building was completely destroyed.

PePe gave Bozo a big hug, pouring all his love into it, as he smiled contentedly on the ride back to the bakery shop. The three new friends had a celebration when they got back to the bakery. Fresh donuts, hot chocolate and a warm room greeted them.

PePe became the bakery owner's son by adoption and Bozo became the watchdog for the bakery.

Shirley Sentell

by Shirley
Sentell



Artwork by Hal Bryant



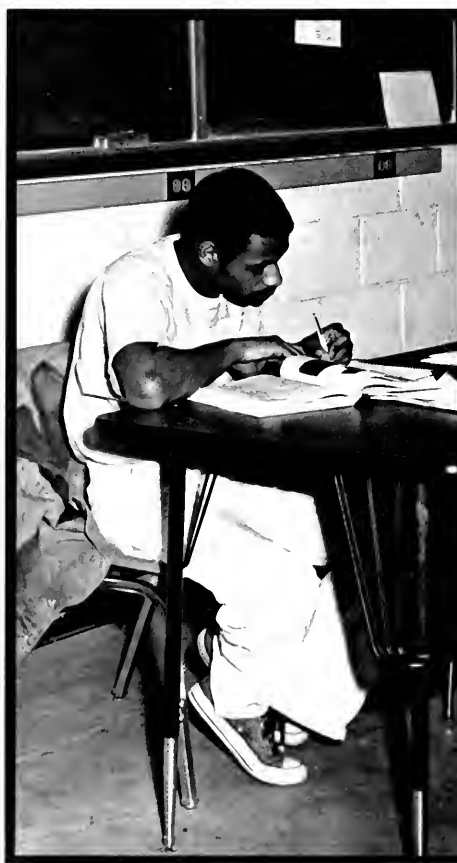
Snoopy Creations
by
Billie Jenks

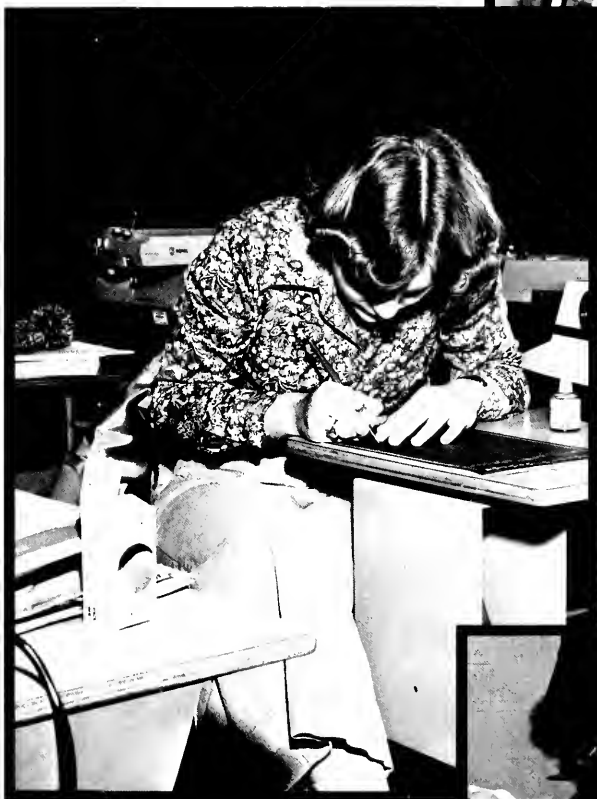






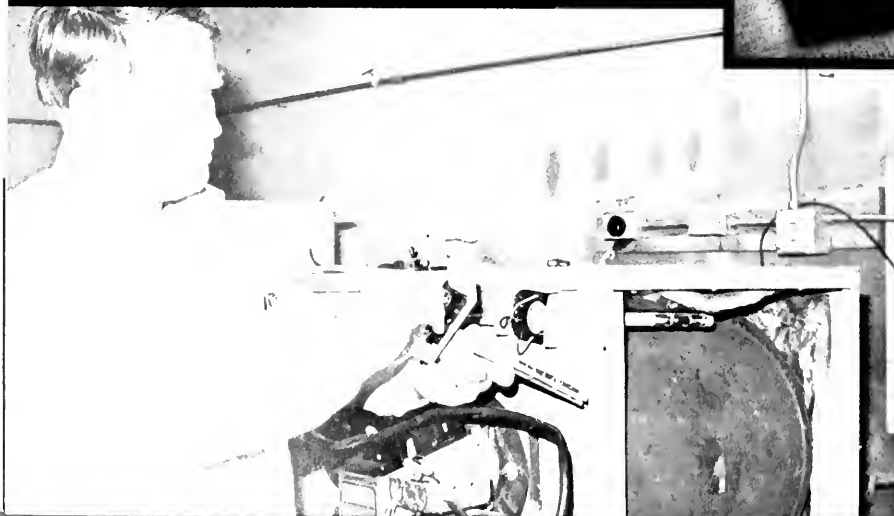
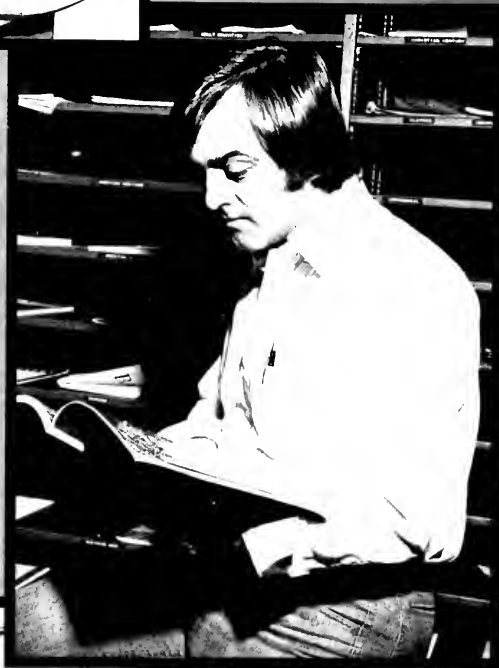










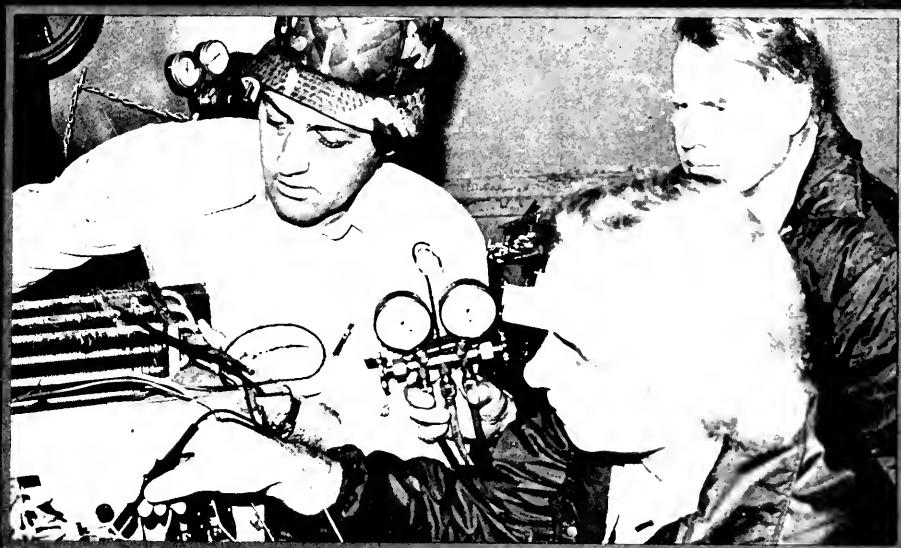


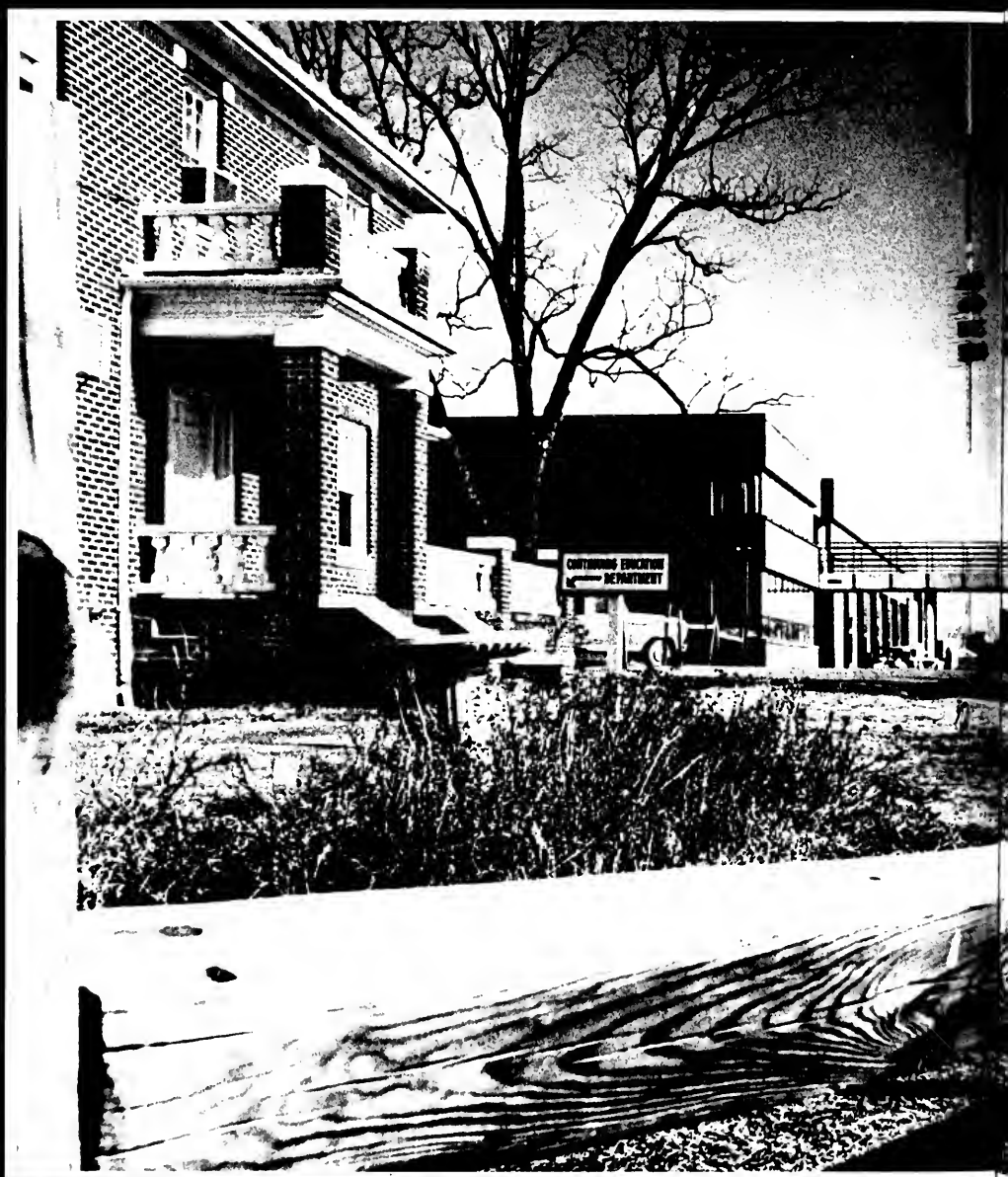


Psychologist and ASU
Professor, Y. Roth, at CGT.
"Live each day as if it were your last day to live
because one day it will be."







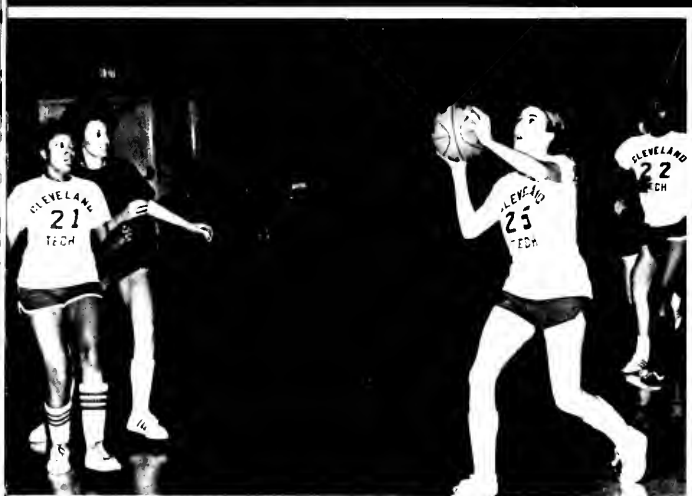


*May
the happiest day
of your past
be the saddest day
of your
future.*

Training Resources Center
England Technical College
100 South Post Road
Waynesville, North Carolina 28786



Girls' Basketball



CCTI's Girls' Basketball team, coached by Charles L. Webber, and sponsored by Anne Smevog, is a member of a four team league which tied for first place this year. By having scored more points than the other team, CCTI finished first. The impressive list of opponents in the last two years includes teams from UNC-C, Gardner-Webb, Sacred Heart College, and Davidson County Community College. Co-captains Peggy Woods and Jan Stamey were assisted by team members Anne Smevog, Julia Addison, Denise Whitesides, Mary Surratt, Darlene Oates, Linda Lattimore, Audrey Ross, and Jo Ann Jamerson in their achievement of victory. High scorers include Jan Stamey averaging 12 points per game, Julia Addison averaging 11 points per game, Linda Lattimore averaging 10 points per game, and Peggy Woods averaging 8 points per game.

Congratulations, team, and special thanks to Coach Webber, an employee of the Employment Security Commission. CCTI appreciates involvement from people in the community.





Well, it's all over now — all the long hours of work and all the frustration and worry. But all the problems have been overcome, and the 1977 Bridge has emerged once again to be better than ever.

At times it seemed as if we would never make it, but somehow we pulled through. Even when we neared insanity . . . and screamed, and yelled, and fussed, and cried, we were working together with one goal in mind — this yearbook.

The purpose of my writing this page is to give thanks to the many people who helped produce this book. My greatest appreciation goes to my advisors and staff. My thanks go to Elwin Stilwell for his creativity and knowledge of yearbook production. Elwin has been my right arm and without him this book would never have become a reality. I thank Dottie McIntyre for her anticipation, enthusiasm, and encouragement to get the job done. I also thank her for her ability to keep our spirits up when the going got rough.

My thanks go to the staff for their dedication and hard work. Many hours of typing, writing copy, printing pictures, and so many other jobs were given with little reward in return. The only satisfaction the staff gets is to look at this yearbook and say, "I helped create this book."

Delmar Publishing Company and their representative, Leon Lewis, also deserve thanks. Leon helped us with our major decisions, such as cover design, color, and copy type. He also answered so many other questions. I especially thank him for his patience and understanding.

I will always remember this year as editor — all the crazy Friday mornings we spent together working as a staff and all the afternoons I came back to finish work left undone. When you look at this book in the years to come, I hope it will bring back good memories for you as it will for me.

Janet Smith, Editor

In Loving Memory
Alice F. Tignor



Founder of our library
but most of all Our Friend!!





Learning Resources Center
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137 South East Road
Shelby, North Carolina 28150

For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

